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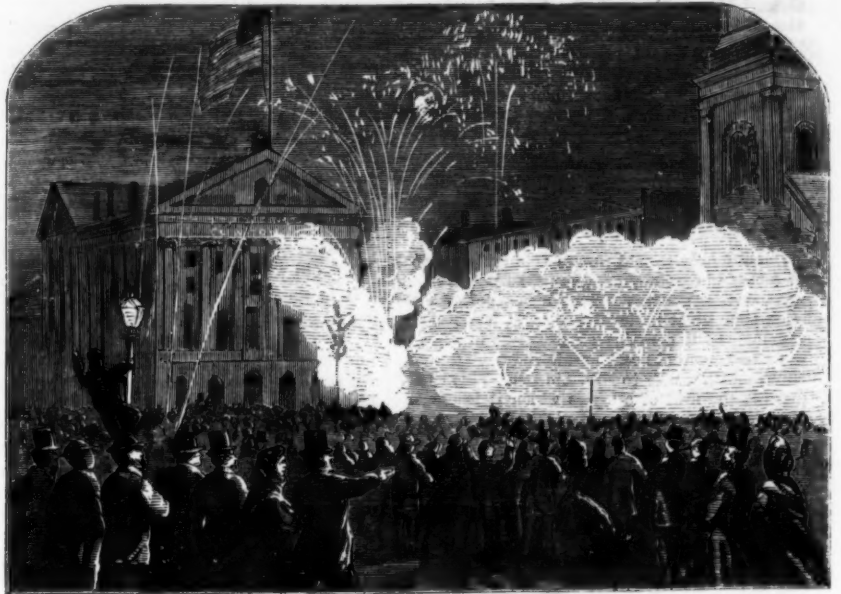
No. 508—Vol. XX.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1865.

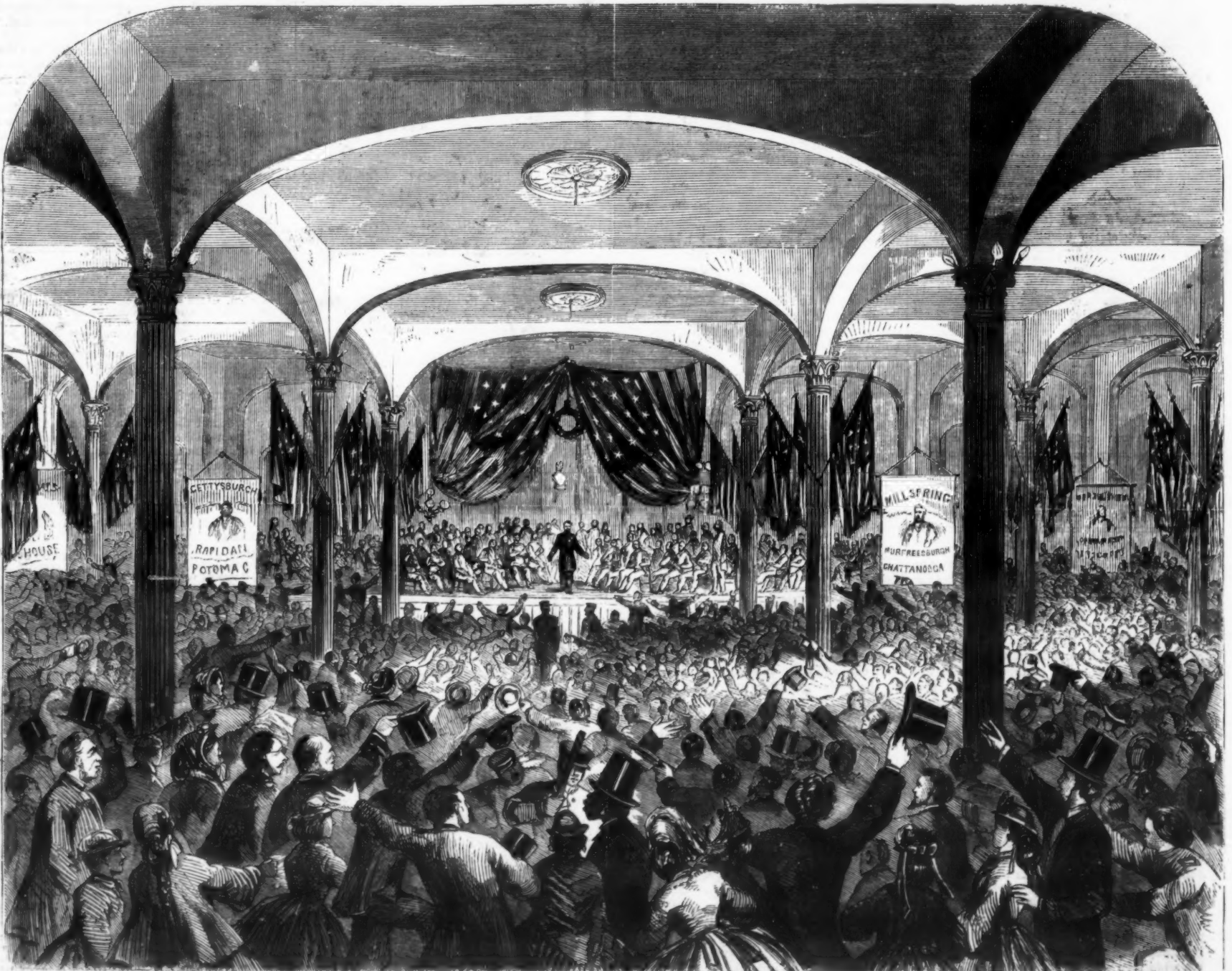
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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1865.

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Republican Reaction in Europe.

THE material effect produced by our late war in some parts of Europe is only typical of the relatively grander moral results which it will yet produce—we might say is already producing. Our war of the Revolution was not the precursor alone of the great French Revolution, but its direct and obvious cause. It induced a revolution which changed the whole aspect of the world and perhaps gave it, in ideas, principles and popular advancement, its most conspicuous impulse. The re-vindication of the principles of Republicanism in the United States, through means of the most gigantic struggle known in the annals of the human race, must have confirmed those who doubted, and convinced those who scouted the pretension that men may not only govern themselves, but sustain and give permanence to the institutions of their choice. The experiment of Republicanism, before the war, was generally admitted to be a partial success, but the admission was always qualified by the observation that it had never undergone any of the tests which go to prove vitality or perma-

nence. "Only wait until some great shock shall occur, or some difficult problem shall arise in the administration of the government of the United States, and then you will see how this great and gaudy bubble will collapse. Its apparent success is only the result of a wonderful series of concurrently favorable circumstances. It is but a piece of, as yet, unexposed and unexploded quackery—a sham, delusion and snare."

Such have been the criticisms and such the predictions regarding the United States, with which the world has been treated for three quarters of a century. All that our friends could say, all that the devotees of Republicanism could say, was limited to an expression of the belief that the model Republic would be able to withstand all the assaults and survive all the dangers to which governments are exposed, and would prove, in its hour of trial, that it had all the elements of strength necessary to its protection from the first, and of triumph over the others.

We have now passed through the *experimentum crucis*. We have been weighed in the balance and tried in the furnace; nor have we been found wanting, but have come out "pure gold" from the fiery ordeal. We have realized the aspirations of our friends and the friends of Human Liberty, and have closed the mouths of the prophets of evil.

It is not to be wondered then, that the Spirit of Freedom has secured new life from its triumph here, and has electrified anew its votaries in the old world.

It is no wonder that the peoples of Europe feel a new thrill in their veins; that the oracles of Liberty speak with a new emphasis and a confidence which they had not before. What can the dynasties, impiously claiming "Divine Right," or would-be dynasties, red-handed and perjured, conjuring with the cant phrase of "Law and Order"—what can these answer to the triumphant "Look to America!" with which every manly heart, beating under smock or blouse, can combat all their devices of government and all their plausible pretenses for the repression of mankind?

The American triumph, gained by such efforts of energy and patience, and such cost of blood and treasure, must react, with wonderful force, in behalf of the cause of which America is the exponent and head. It must be felt in the lowliest cottage and in the proudest palace, and must ultimately—nay, may speedily be felt in the politics of Europe. Of this the indications are not only strong but numerous. Already it has caused a rupture between Louis Napoleon, who is only the supposititious descendant of the great general, and Prince Napoleon, who bears impressed upon his face the proofs of his illustrious lineage. With a prescience which his more powerful relative, or putative relative, would do well to respect, he reminds the French nation of its ancient alliance with the United States, and tells it that it is here it must look for an example of progress, material and political, and for a true and advantageous friendship, which any idle attempt toward establishing an empire and "balance of power" in Mexico must not only imperil, but change into a deadly and dangerous hostility. If the latest reports from Europe be true, this has led to rupture between the two heads of the house of Bonaparte, which may widen into a split in the empire.

One English journal tells us that the news from America "has filled Austria and Germany with the spirit of Transatlantic democracy." The *Volk's Zeitung* (People's Gazette) of Berlin, the Prussian capital, confirms the statement:

"Every Republican in Europe now holds up his head, prouder and freer; he need no longer drop his head before the most incarnate monarchist; for never, since the commencement of history, have Republican institutions proved truer than now. The tone of the liberal press becomes more confident and bolder, while the organs of the aristocracy can hardly suppress their rage, and try to find consolation in the daily waning hope of a military despotism. France, too, recovers her Republican conscience; for it is reported from all districts that a new spirit has pervaded the masses since the fall of Richmond, and principally since the death of Lincoln, and this spirit causes anxiety and care to the men in power. Richmond was the citadel of tyranny and barbarism for both worlds, and its fall was the second storming of the Bastille."

The proscribed citizens of France resident in Belgium, many of them men who once held high civil and military positions, but now exiled by the perjurer and traitor who holds a temporary lease of power in France, recognise not the dawn, but the full blaze of the day of freedom, the result of the American war. "The great Republic," they say, in an address to the American nation, "is restored to herself; she will continue the living lesson to the nations; the pledge of the future, the example of the world. * * * We, conquered Republicans, salute your victorious Republic; we salute, through you, our recollections—our hopes. We cheer the triumph of your cause, which is ours; we accept your victory as a presage, your success as a promise. The triumph cannot be isolated; gained by one only, it benefits all. Justice cannot shine on one spot without irradiating others."

The same feeling finds expression in a hundred ways. "The reflection," thus runs a private letter, "now in all circles is, that we have accomplished, with our democratic government,

results that never could have been accomplished with any other. It is impossible for the governments of Europe to resist the effect of the lessons taught by the United States within the past four years."

Not in words alone is the effect of our triumph made manifest. Already the ports of Europe are crowded with stalwart men and women seeking for a home in the land that has proved itself in war as great as it is in the arts of peace.

A letter from Hamburg tells us that "on the 28th of April the throng of emigrants from Mecklenburg was so large that an extra train on the railway from Hagenau to Hamburg became necessary. Five thousand emigrants from the different parts of Mecklenburg had been collected at the former place—all young, fresh and merry people. This number was chiefly recruited from the rich, feudal districts of Malchin, Gustrow and Butzow, where the social and political condition of the people, with the exception of the nobles, is greatly depressed."

The *Irish Times* swells the evidence which reaches us from every European port. It says: "We believe that, when peace comes between the belligerents, the emigration to America which has hitherto taken place, compared with what will certainly ensue, will be as the leakage of a weir to the opening of a sluice. There is not a city, town or hamlet in Ireland, in which a large proportion of the able-bodied population is not determined to emigrate the moment peace is restored."

Peace has come, and the predictions of the *Irish Times* are more than verified. The *Cork Examiner* adds to the testimony. It tells that the port is crowded with emigrants, whose only sorrow is the delay to which they have to submit in obtaining passage to the "Fair Lands of the West." These represent, it adds, "the health and strength of the nation, about to depart from it. Young and stalwart men, strong and vigorous women—men, albeit, in awkwardly cut friezes and gawky of gait; women, albeit, decked out in rough homespun, with, perhaps, a touch of garish finery, demanded by the occasion, added—yet both strong of arm and sound of limb, and doubtless, as Irishmen and Irishwomen, sound of heart, are the chief constituents of this crowd. It is true there are old men and women, and there are children, but the percentage of these is marvellously small."

THE question of negro suffrage is the next which the nation will be called upon to solve. It practically amounts to this: whether the loyal men of the South, white and black, shall have the control in the reorganization of those States, or whether the problem shall be remitted to the traitors who have, "from the force of circumstances," just laid down their arms. *Appropos* of this present, pregnant question, the following facts may well be submitted to public consideration. The Declaration of Rights, prefixed to the constitution of Delaware, declared:

"Every freeman, having sufficient evidence of permanent common interest, with an attachment to the community, hath a right of suffrage."

The Constitution of Maryland provided:

"All freemen, above the age of twenty-one years, having a freehold of fifty acres of land in the county in which they offer to vote, and residing therein, and all freemen having property in this state above the value of thirty pounds current money, and having resided in the county in which they offer to vote one whole year next preceding the election, shall have a right of suffrage in the election of delegates for such county."

The Virginia Declaration of Rights provided:

"All men having sufficient evidence of permanent common interest, with an attachment to the community, have the right of suffrage."

The constitution of North Carolina contained this provision:

"All freemen of the age of twenty-one years, who have been inhabitants of any one county within the State twelve months immediately preceding the day of any election, and shall have paid public taxes, shall be entitled to vote for members of the House of Commons for the county in which they reside."

The Constitution of Georgia declared that

"The electors of the members of both branches of the General Assembly shall be citizens and inhabitants of this state, and shall have attained to the age of twenty-one years, and have paid tax for the year preceding the election, and shall have resided six months within the county."

So far not a word about distinctions on account of color. "All freemen," "every freeman," that is the phrase.

Colored people voted in Pennsylvania till 1838; in Connecticut they voted till 1817. In New York, originally, white and black stood upon the same ground, the right to vote in both being dependent upon a property qualification. About the year 1826 an amendment of the constitution abolished this property test as regards the black man, but left it unrepealed as regards the blacks. That is to say, it was a half reform.

Within the memory of men now living, negroes voted regularly in North Carolina and in Tennessee. In the former state, it is related that a wealthy slaveowner secured his election to Congress by setting free a considerable number of his slaves, who went to the polls and voted for him in a body.

In Maryland, colored men voted until 1833. In North Carolina, as we have said, they originally voted. Judge Gaston, in a legal opinion, in 1833, said:

"The very Congress which framed our constitution (the State constitution of 1776) was chosen by freeholders. That constitution extended the elective franchise to every freeman who had arrived at the age of twenty-one and paid a public tax; and it is a matter of universal

notoriety that under it free persons, without regard to color, claimed and exercised the franchise until it was taken from free men of color, a few years since, by our amended constitution."

It was not long ago that "Admiral" Semmes, the individual who commanded the Alabama, but who did not capture the Kearsage, wrote the paragraph which follows for the *London Morning Herald*. It reads well in connection with Kirby Smith's surrender of the entire rebel army in Texas. The sea-dog Semmes (by the way, where is Semmes?) ventilated himself in the *Herald* aforesaid (better known as "Sairey Gamp") as follows:

"The State of Texas alone has within her limits all the materials, and is fast getting the appliances for equipping and maintaining armies; and when you reflect that she has three times as much territory as the empire of France, and that countless herds of horses and beef cattle wander over her boundless prairies, you can well imagine with what contempt this warlike people regard the insane threat of subjugation. If our armies were driven to-morrow across the Mississippi river, we could still fight the enemy for a century to come in Texas alone."

The empire of South Carolina, as represented by its fire-eating Governor Magrath, in, at present, stowed away in the Old Capitol prison, Washington. Just before his arrest, the lately truculent embodiment of "all the chivalry" seems to have had a "lucid interval." We infer so from his address to the people of the state, from which the following is an extract:

"Whatever may be your condition, unavailing resistance on your part will but make it worse. With an earnestness of the sincerity of which I need not give you the assurance, I urge upon you the resumption of your peaceful pursuits, and the adaptation of yourselves to those changes which may be made in your conditions. Do not be misled by excitement; give no heed to passion; deal resolutely with facts; look the truth calmly in the face; spill no more blood; accept with the dignity, which even misfortune can command, the condition which you cannot avert."

A CHARLESTON correspondent of the *Tribune* says of the prisoner Magrath, late rebel Governor of South Carolina, that

"He has the reputation of being able to throw himself outside of as much whisky, in as short a space of time, as any other distinguished man in this state."

THE amounts of cotton, rosin and other staples of the South that have come to light since the restoration of peace surpasses all previous estimates. The *Vicksburg Herald*, of the 28th ult., describes the main street of that city as being "white with cotton-bales and crammed with wagons," and poetically describes the "broad-horned souvenirs of the good days by-gone, patiently drawing heavy cotton-wagons, passing and repassing our window, from early dawn till dewy eve, and the drivers making the air vocal with their voices shouting the word of command."

It is stated on very good authority that the reactionary government of Guatemala has made application to have that state incorporated in the so-called Mexican Empire. This attempt was seconded by the reactionary government of San Salvador, but the people refused to follow, and the consequence has been a revolution in that state, which will probably result in restoring to power that enlightened statesman, Gen. Barrios.

THE discussion with regard to Buchanan's responsibility for the rebellion has called up his opinion, as given to Congress, Dec. 4, 1860, upon the right of the general government to coerce a state. In his last annual message, Mr. Buchanan said:

"The question, fairly stated is, has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce a state into submission, which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from the Confederacy? If answered in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred on Congress to make war on a state. After much serious reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress, nor to any other department of the Federal Government."

It is fortunate for the integrity of the nation that the people of the United States did not share the opinions of the "Old Pub. Func." The doctrine that a nation has not the constitutional right to live has such credit as may come from Mr. Buchanan's endorsement.

THE Paris correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, "Malakoff," makes the following suggestions as to the disposition of the building in which the President was assassinated:

"In 1820, when the Duke de Berry, brother of the king, was assassinated in Paris at the door of the Opera House, it was at once decided to tear down the house, and leave the ground for ever afterwards free from any habitable structure. And in effect the Place Louvois, in the Rue Richelieu, with its beautiful garden and fountain, mark the spot where the Opera House stood. Why does not the Federal Government in like manner seize and demolish Ford's Theatre, and erect on its site either a monument, a statue, a fountain or a chapel? Not a timber of that theatre ought to be allowed to stand in its place if there be money enough in the treasury to indemnify its owner."

A PETITION signed by upwards of 200 colored men of North Carolina has been sent to President Johnson. In it the signers say:

"As you were once a citizen of North Carolina, we need not remind you that up to 1835 free colored men voted in this State, never, as we have heard, with any detriment to its interests. It seems to us that men who are willing on the field of danger to carry the musket of a Republic, in the days of peace ought to be permitted to carry its ballots; and certainly we cannot understand the justice of denying the elective franchise to men who have been fighting for the country, while it is freely given to men who have just returned from four years' fighting against it."

WHEN Jeff. Davis became Pierce's Secretary of War his antecedents attracted some attention. One who knew him at West Point said:

"Col. Davis was distinguished for nothing as a student at West Point, except in being at the foot of his class in the department of rhetoric and moral philosophy, which constitutes the literary portion of the course. In mathematics and natural philosophy he was little better, being in the former the 27th and in the latter the 30th in his class, which numbered 33 graduates."

THE London News noticing his arrest says of him:

"Not only did he plan this war, but on him rests the chief responsibility of continuing it months and years after the hopes of success had passed away. From what Lee and Johnston and Hardee have stated since the fall of the Confederacy it is now clear that Mr. Davis prolonged the war after his best generals had urged him to make peace. If he were answerable for nothing worse than the great sacrifice of life caused by the rejection of Mr. Lincoln's proposals at Hampton Roads, the weight of such a load of responsibility might well break down the stoutest heart. His language and acts during the nine months preceding his flight from Richmond sufficiently disclosed the ruin of his hopes. Until then a habit of self-restraint had concealed to a great extent his real character."

"But from the time he visited Georgia, after the fall of Atlanta, and called Gov. Brown a scoundrel in public speech, down to the address of March last, in which he referred to Grant and Sherman as spaniards whom he would whip, the coarseness of the man's nature has been apparent. It was about the time of the reckless Macon speech that he began to authorize those atrocious outrages, which have made it less difficult to believe in his complicity with the plot which resulted in Mr. Lincoln's death."

THE London Times doesn't want Davis hanged, but does not regard him, by any means, as merely an unsuccessful Washington:

"The inhabitants of these islands have little reason to sympathize with Mr. Jefferson Davis. He is known to us as one of the most inveterate calumniators of this country, whose policy it was to stir up the feelings of every class of his countrymen against us. We also remember him as the author and originator of the famous Mississippi scheme of repudiation. His plan of rebellion was founded on the idea that the deprivation of cotton would be intolerable, and that, driven by hard necessity, we should feel ourselves compelled to support the South with the whole force of the Empire. For the person who can thus speculate as his means of success on the miseries he can inflict on his neighbors we have little respect, and if we plead for the life of Mr. Jefferson Davis it is not from any esteem for his motives or sympathy with his character."

THE London Herald, after calling Mr. Johnson a "drunken blackguard," whom "the American people after the fashion of an ignorant African tribe have chosen their ruler," proceeds to eulogize Davis, and to prophesy:

"Whatever fate his enemies may prepare for him, he will meet it, doubtless, with the courage which has sustained him during the trying, but glorious, years of his Presidency. He has done his duty. He has defended the cause of freedom, and that right with almost superhuman energy; and having seen the noblest of his countrymen lay down their lives for that cause, sacrifice themselves in the hope and the trust that their country would be successful in her fight, now that the struggle is seemingly over, and the South has sunk into despair, he must rather desire to seal his testimony with his blood. To such a man there must be something inspiring and consoling in the prospect of such a death. His blood, he will feel assured, will not flow in vain. Broken as may now be the strength, crushed as may now be the spirit of the South, the spirit is not dead; the strength will be recovered, and the cruel martyrdom of its great chief, kindling it to revenge, will keep alive the love of liberty until the hour comes in which to renew the fight, which for a race of freemen can only finally end with victory."

THE total national indebtedness of Mexico exceeds \$317,000,000; the interest payable on this amounts to \$20,000,000; the entire revenue of the country, from all ordinary sources, is much below \$10,000,000, or half the interest on the debt, without leaving a single dollar to maintain the government and support the army. These facts show a condition of financial affairs in Mexico to which, for feebleness and instability, a parallel can nowhere be found. Such a condition can have only one result—a speedy dissolution of the mushroom empire, and an early return of the Archduke Maximilian to his amiable relations and affectionate friends in Austria. The "empire" cannot stand. The point most to be wondered at is, Napoleon's having allowed any of his subjects to trust their money in the lottery loan for \$50,000,000 just subscribed for, chiefly in Paris. He has not guaranteed, however, that the interest on this new loan will be paid.

Two weeks before Kirby Smith surrendered his army of cotton robbers and speculators in Texas, his lieutenant, Magruder, addressed the aforesaid army as follows:

"Come what may I shall stand by my country, and I will never be a slave to Yankee power. I had rather be a Caramanche Indian chief than bow the knee to Yankee domination. I will only add that we have a neighbor near at hand. I do not feel at liberty to say anything further concerning the matter at present. But it may be that we may have aid from a source unexpected, and at a time when we least dream of it. Therefore let us stand by our leaders and all will yet be well. I do not feel at all discouraged at the present position of matters, and I am certain you would not if you realized all the facts which will develop themselves."

THE infallibility of reporters is beautifully illustrated in the following three distinct reports of the speech (if speech it may be called) of Gen. Sherman at the Union League Club, on the occasion of his recent visit:

No. 1.—"I think no feeling so kindly to the heart as the welcome home of a single tie, and when welcomed to this home by the men I see before me, it is doubly, trebly dear to my feelings."

No. 2.—"I know of no feeling so kindly to the heart of the soldier as a welcome home by his fellow-citizens, and to be welcomed to this home by the men I see before me is doubly, trebly dear to my feelings."

No. 3.—"I know of no feeling so kindly to the heart as the welcome home by a little child; but when welcomed to this home by the men I see before me, it is doubly, trebly dear to my feelings."

THE Congressional Committee on the conduct of the war has entirely exonerated Gen. Hooker from the charge of drunkenness during the battle of Chancellorsville. In concluding their report on his case, they say:

"Nor can the committee doubt that had Gen. Hooker been clothed with the power at once conferred upon his successor, and had been given the assistance which was so freely accorded to him, the result of the campaign would have been far more decisive than it was. Why the General-in-Chief should have shown more desire to co-operate with and assist the one commander than the other, perhaps involves questions of motives and feelings which your committee refrain from commenting upon."

THE Count de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe and present head of the Orleans family, has written a letter to Hon. Charles Sumner on the death

of President Lincoln, from which we make an extract:

"Those who saw Mr. Lincoln during that great ordeal when everything seemed to conspire against the salvation of the Republic, will never forget the honest man who, without personal ambition, always supported by a strong perception of his duties, deserved to be called emphatically a great citizen. And when the dreadful crisis during which he presided over the destinies of America will belong to history, when its bloody track will disappear under the rapid growth of an invigorated nation and a regenerated community, people will only remember its beneficial results, the destruction of slavery, the preservation of free institutions, and will ever associate with them the name of Mr. Lincoln. In this struggle with slavery his name will remain illustrious among those of the indefatigable apostles who fought before him and who will achieve his work. But it will also be said of him that he secured the preservation of the Union through a tremendous civil war, without ceasing to respect the authority of the law and the liberty of his fellow-citizens; that in the hour of trial, he was the Chief Magistrate of a people who knew how to seek in the fullest use of the broadest liberties the spring of national endurance and energy."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The State debt of New Hampshire is \$3,978,000. She has furnished 33,427 men in the war for the Union, of whom 5,818 have fallen, and 11,039 been permanently disabled.

—The present indications are that Lake Superior travel will be something unprecedented this year. People seem to be just realizing the beauties of this delightful region.

—Duff Green, the notorious Washingtonian, has returned from the South, and is an applicant for a special pardon before the President, his property being over \$20,000.

—The Union Hotel, at Saratoga, will be opened to the public on the 15th inst. From present appearances, this place will be more crowded than last year, nearly every room having been engaged. The opera-house will be opened by the Lelands on the 1st of July.

—General Hartwell, commanding at Orangeburg, S. C., has issued the following order, addressed "To the Colored People: You know that you are free and are to be treated like free men and women; but there is no one to support you and your families besides yourselves, and any arrangements you can make with people who will treat you kindly and pay you for your work will be the best thing you can do. The bargains that you make to work for a share of the crops will be kept. You cannot be sent to Charleston; and if you want there you could find nothing to do to get a living. No one will be allowed to abuse you or treat you like slaves; and you will not be allowed to take what does not belong to you; and you had better make a bargain for work as soon as you can."

—A South Carolina correspondent of a daily contemporary draws the following picture of the population of that state: "The hopeless apathy of the poor whites, which is described by officers and refugees as something appalling, renders the planters disposed to do the best they can with the blacks; but there are large numbers who evidently intend to do as the Jamaica planters did—wring the freed slaves under any and every pretext. Their conversation shows it. Unless all South Carolina is garrisoned by anti-slavery troops, this state will either become a desert by the desertion of the laborers or pass into other hands. It is very desirable, for the good of all parties, that it should change owners, for the planter, that he may learn to work for his own living; for the black, that he may become an honest laborer, which under the present capitalists he has no inducement to become; for the poor white that he may have and see an opportunity to rise in the social scale. No man in the North, who has not lived among these planters, can understand what a brutal and vicious class of persons they are. The New York Five Points could turn out at a delegation any day as I have seen here in conference with General Hartwell."

—No reply has yet been received to the formal demand of our Government for the surrender of the rebel ram Stonewall, as the Cuban authorities must, of course, refer the question to the Spanish government at Madrid and await instructions.

—The New York Herald states that the cost of its war correspondence, during the past four years, was over half a million dollars.

—Railroad men have long sought for some plan of carrying butter in summer, without damage. At last a car has been invented which will meet the desired end. They have an inside lining of inch board, placed three inches from the outside covering; the space between is packed with sawdust, making five inches in thickness for the ends, roof and sides of the cars, entirely protecting the contents from heat in the warmest weather. The doors are also double.

—Among Mr. Lincoln's papers has been found a package of letters, in his own handwriting, "Assassination letters."

—Decora, a famous Winnebago chief, died recently at Lincoln, Wisconsin, aged 133 years. He aided the United States in the Black Hawk war, and was rewarded by Gen. Jackson with a small United States flag. He kept it as long as he lived, and now it waves over his grave.

—It is alleged that the terrible calamity at Mobile, by which 500 persons are reported to have lost their lives, was the work of rebel incendiaries, and the military authorities are blamed for allowing such a quantity of powder as to blow up eight blocks of houses, to remain in the heart of a great city.

—Old engravings are pressed into service to commemorate Mr. Lincoln. An old picture of Calhoun and another of Fremont have received new heads and are doing duty.

—George D. Prentice says that he heard rebel leaders say unreservedly in Richmond last December, when Jeff Davis' health was very bad, that, if he should die, assassination would be resorted to as a means of preventing Stephens from being President.

—The Hartford Post says a gentleman in that city has five nephews in the army who have served out a three years' enlistment and promised them \$5,000 each if they would re-enlist, which all of them did. Three of them are in Sherman's army and will be home within a very few days, and he is prepared to pay down \$15,000 to them, and \$10,000 to the other two, whose term of service will expire the coming fall.

—The Wheeling Register says a novel suit will come before the Brooke county Circuit Court at its next session. A Mrs. O'Brien, whose husband was killed in one of the West Virginia regiments, sues Mr. James Palmer for \$5,000 damages for the injury she has sustained by the death of her husband. She claims that Palmer was a sympathizer with the South, and contends that he should therefore be held accountable to the extent of \$5,000 for the death of her husband.

—The government has under advisement the question of colonizing all the Indian tribes between Minnesota and Iowa and the Rocky Mountains, in a reservation somewhere on the northern border of Montana and Dakota with the British possessions adjoining as unlimited hunting grounds.

—The soldiers in the grand review at Washington, if marshaled 30 abreast in solid column, would exceed 42 miles.

—The New York Tribune, in an article on Mr. Wendell Phillips, says: "But for his misfortune in having received his moral and religious training from a Bible wherefrom the 13th chapter of I. Corinthians was unaccountably omitted, he might have taken rank among the very foremost men of our age."

—At a Union meeting held in Gunterville, Marshall county, Alabama, on the 16th of May, Major A. C. Baird, late of the rebel army, made the following speech: "We have met to bury the tomahawk—to smoke the calumet of peace. All of us ought to reverence that

government which we could not destroy, and to which we have been compelled to submit. I shall do it cheerfully."

Foreign.—A drunken soldier in the army in India, having been confined in the blackhole for intoxication, felt something crawling over him. Knowing it to be a serpent, and fearing its deadly bite, he kept quite still, while the reptile crawled inside of his jacket and coiled himself up for a nap. When the guard came to release him some hours after, a snake—a cobra—quickly glided away. The guard noticed with surprise that the prisoner's hair had turned white, and he died a few hours after telling his story.

—A fearful scene at an execution in Athens, Greece, recently took place. The condemned man, on arriving at the scaffold, appeared to feel awoken in him an instinctive clinging to life, and having his hands free (as permitted by the Greek law), he suddenly felled one of the two executioners to the ground. The second at once drew a poignard and plunged it into the breast of the criminal, who still continued to make a violent resistance. The man's arms were at length bound, and his head laid on the sliding plank, but in consequence of his violently moving, the blade of the guillotine fell only on his shoulder. A second attempt severed the head from the body.

—The London Standard says:—"There is no question but that the Federal Government is urgently pressing upon that of England its demand for compensation for the captures made by the Confederate cruisers." Now this is nothing new. The United States Government, there is every reason to believe, has regularly sent a bill to the British Government for each new depredation of this pirate, and it was as regularly fled away in the archives of the foreign office.

—The Pungolo, of Milan, publishes an explanation of the miracle of the statue of the Magdalen, which stands in one of the most populous suburbs of that city, and which was in the habit of weeping from time to time in account of the impieties of the day. The authorities having caused the statue, formed of baked clay, to be examined, discovered in its interior a reservoir for water, intended to be heated. Whenever the clergy wished to make the Magdalen weep, they had a fire lighted beneath the reservoir, which caused the hot water to evaporate and rise into the upper parts of the statue, and the steam there being condensed, was directed towards the eyes by means of pipes.

—A Paris correspondent writes: "Last Thursday I saw one bonnet which I am sure must be the extreme of the present fashion. Madame De Z—'s bonnet consisted of two ounces of gold beaten into a band, and four square inches of black lace, the whole to conclude with a gold button, which fastened one end of the lace over the other. Just then came by the Marquis De T—, the greatest Anglo-maniac in France. 'Marquis, did you ever see nothing?' 'Nothing, my good boy—how see nothing?' 'Then come and look at one of your countrywomen's bonnets?'"

TOWN GOSSIP.

THEY have been having a terribly hot affair up in the heavens, and of course the consequences fall upon the poor little earth, which being in the subordinate position always gets the worst of it. Phaeton has got the reins again, and driven his weak-minded father's coach over so many miles nearer our world, which has been parching and cracking for a week. The track of the blazing chariot appears to us to have been directly over Broadway. Everybody goes home now-a-days and finds his wife gesticulating with a fan. Everybody's wife says, "Oh, dear, how hot it is!" Everybody responds to this safe ejaculation "Indeed it might be cooler," and everybody's wife retorts sharply "Yes, but it ain't!" and the conversation closes with the exit of the stricken husband into the bath-room.

The coolest people we know are Mr. and Mrs. Swan, and their relatives, the distinguished Swan family. We met them recently at a fashionable watering place, and we were greatly struck by the strength and dignity of Mr. Swan and the graceful gait and exquisite blonde complexion of Mrs. Swan. You should just see her come swimming into a place through a crowd!

These lordly creatures, the aristocracy of the Central Park, completely color the expanse of the lake, resembling lily pods as they repose together on the blue. In the little coves and bays you occasionally find a misanthropical solitary, circulating alone among the flowers, and apparently engaged in composing its own death-ode. These exclusive Timons have a rapt and inspired look. But where the magnificent birds congregate in a sort of galaxy, you may consider them as a race of moving flowers, "finding in beauty their excuse for being." Every attitude of grace is seen in the carriage of the head and the pliant neck. A large swan floating towards you with its great deep wings disheveled, and the head bent away back until half lost in the milky foliage they carry, is one of the most perfect examples of the *otum cum dignitate* in existence. Often they will rouse themselves into frolicsome action, and their play is very imposing. You may see one come rushing along, quite out of the water, his enormous fins beating the air, and his black feet rapidly running upon the lake, which they agitate like a steamboat. Over a rod will they go, buzzing and clamoring in their unnatural elevation, and finally with a long slide launch themselves into the whirling water again, the whole feat reminding you of the career of a large rocket. In another mood your swan will pass for an hour with an easy glide over his own mirrored reflection, the sails half drooping, and the head idly swinging upon its arrowy ivory mast, whose height is redoubled by the dipping image below. Then, perhaps, the creature will sink its whole neck beneath the surface for many minutes, lying half-blown upon the water like a gigantic lily-bud.

We wonder with what feelings the great general beheld those garden fields of peace, after all the marred and blasted acres of Virginia!

We hope that they neither taught him a lesson, nor pointed a contrast, nor incited a moral, nor inspired a sentiment, nor afflicted the honest warrior with any agitation of that sort, but simply cooled him with their breezes and shaded him with their groves, without giving him the additional bother of thinking how he could turn a smart refection on the subject.

As for his previous "ovation," as the enthusiasts term it, all we have to say is, that we hope we shall never be famous at such an expense.

Fancy getting the hand shaken, till the ordeal develops the wrist to the size of a *figurate's* ankle; meanwhile listening or replying to a succession of gentlemen who have come up with prepared epigrams, and continuing the pleasing process until the time comes for a dinner, which is quite as much speeches as victuals! Is glory worth all this? Mesmerizing!

The capture of Mr. Jefferson Davis will be considered an unmixt misfortune by every thoughtful American, and by every friend of America. Thus says the *Saturday Review* on receipt of the news. To a portion of the British press, for the present, the d-d-and-gone functionary of a lost cause is still decorated with some little prestige of importance—is still "Mr." and wears, instead of the practical and convenient waterproof goods in which he was captured, the livery of a lately supreme civil and military dictator. Not an English sheet dares to believe that he actually enveloped his limbs in those serviceable weeds of state, or that his mind had been brought down by harassment and neuralgia, to the point of scolding, at the want of magnanimity of his captors.

The singular and unintelligent disbelief of American news, when it has not happened to meet the previously conceived British idea, will be unintelligible to the next age. With what astounded eyes will the succeeding generation of Englishmen—necessarily men of a wider cultivation than their fathers—review the course of their native press during the crucial struggle of the nineteenth century! Not only in its suppression or dis-

tortion of the most reasonable facts, but in its massive and shameless ignorance, its lack of historic and geographic culture, paraded openly, or half concealed under the baldest platitudes, has the indoctrinator of British opinion covered itself from day to day with deeper and deeper shame for the admission of posterity. As to its fancies about the expediency of capturing Jefferson Davis or no, they are in the highest degree uninteresting to us, the embarrassment of the situation resting compactly upon that individual himself.

A vicious and deprecable habit has been springing up and strengthening itself of late in New York and other places; it is the trick of interrupting public speakers and endeavoring to make those gentlemen change oration into debate. At the speech of Gerritt Smith, on Thursday night, he was constantly stopped by persons who had come with elaborate questions on matters of the gravest import, which they proposed to have answered by the lecturer at a moment's notice. Now this thing should be understood in advance. If orators appear before their audiences on that basis, they will indeed learn to respond easily and fluently to the demands of their interlocutors, and many will gain immense temporary fame by a display of combative skill under such circumstances. But the habit of severe and consistent argument will cease. There will be no more measured Tullian utterances, fit for posterity. A great oration is an orderly sequence of arguments, persuasions and illustrations, and no suggestion from among the hearers will be likely to hit upon thoughts which will flow easily into the course of the discourse. We shall have more and more of the accidental, or George Francis Train rhapsody, in place of the classical perfection of the great orators who are now either dead or dying out.

Among the most interesting souvenirs of the great rebellion are the photographic views of Southern battlefields and other scenes upon which the war has left its imprint. We must not forget that the hand of progress is beginning even now to sweep away with inconceivable rapidity the traces of rebellion, and that in a very short time there will be no record upon the face of the Southern land of the terrific devastation of treason. The Messrs. Anthony have arranged a series of views representing scenes of immortal interest in this connection. The pictures are adapted for the stereoscope, and are of exquisite clearness and beauty. The collection is already large, and will be complete in a short time. There is no more vivid light to be imagined for the page of history than a stereoscopic collection of this sort. We should think every man who could afford the trifling price would determine to possess a case fitted with these fresh and brilliant miniatures of the war.

We all want a memorial of the country's latest martyr—Abraham Lincoln. The different photographs are of the highest interest, but any one of them is but a partial record, and leaves unfulfilled a great many aspects of that rugged and kindly face. A statuette which we noticed at Schaas, by the celebrated sculptor, J. A. Bailey, has been eminently successful in blending the different characteristics in one consistent result, and presenting the effigy of the President in the dignity of simplicity and charm of truth. It is a full-length figure, cast in a natural standing attitude, and full of the kindness, the honor, the domestic divinity of the man. It is such an image as no nation would blush to recognize for its father.

Among the most sparkling and original periodicals of the day, we place the *Paranotological Journal*, issued by Fowler and Wells. It differs from other magazines of its price and class in having ideas of its own. There is always something fresh to light upon. The student of character can have no better guide to assist him in his investigations. It is charmingly personal, having a series of the most piquant biographies of people conspicuous in society or the public world, and in its original illustrations and excellent typographic style, it offers a constant invitation to the eye.

The theatrical matters of the city are languishing a little with the enervation of the season, but there is still a decent circle of attractions.

The classical style, noble figure, and expressive face of Miss Homer have been lent this week to a new series of representations at the Winter Garden. She has appeared in the dramas of "Evanne and Fazio," and has not disappointed the high expectations raised by her original translation of the "Traviata." She has a sweet voice, enthusiasm, and the charming faults of youth.

Maggie Mitchell has made a success of the romantic drama, entitled "The Pearl of Savoy." It is a *swelling* of acting, singing and dancing. The romantic fancy, adapted from Linda, of depicting the lunatic Savoyard, tempted home all the way from Paris by a familiar air from Pierrro's organ, is hardly probable enough for the stage, but Miss Mitchell renders it with considerable pathos and effect.

Barnum's beautiful capture, Miss Emilie Melville, crowds his lecture room from night to night with faces eagerly bent on her graceful representation of "Dot." She is really a beautiful creature, and will not long remain outside of the brighter triumphs of the regular stage.

We notice that Wm. Knabe & Co., have donated a splendid Knabe piano to the Chicago fair. A finer instrument never saw the light, and the visitors to the exposition were fairly astounded at the volume of melody which rolled from it through the vast building. Looking at this magnificent donation as a specimen of their work, we cease to wonder at the universal appreciation met with, or the fact that though constantly increasing their facilities, the Messrs. Knabe are unable to keep pace with the demand for their pianos.

A Good Opportunity for a Profitable Investment.

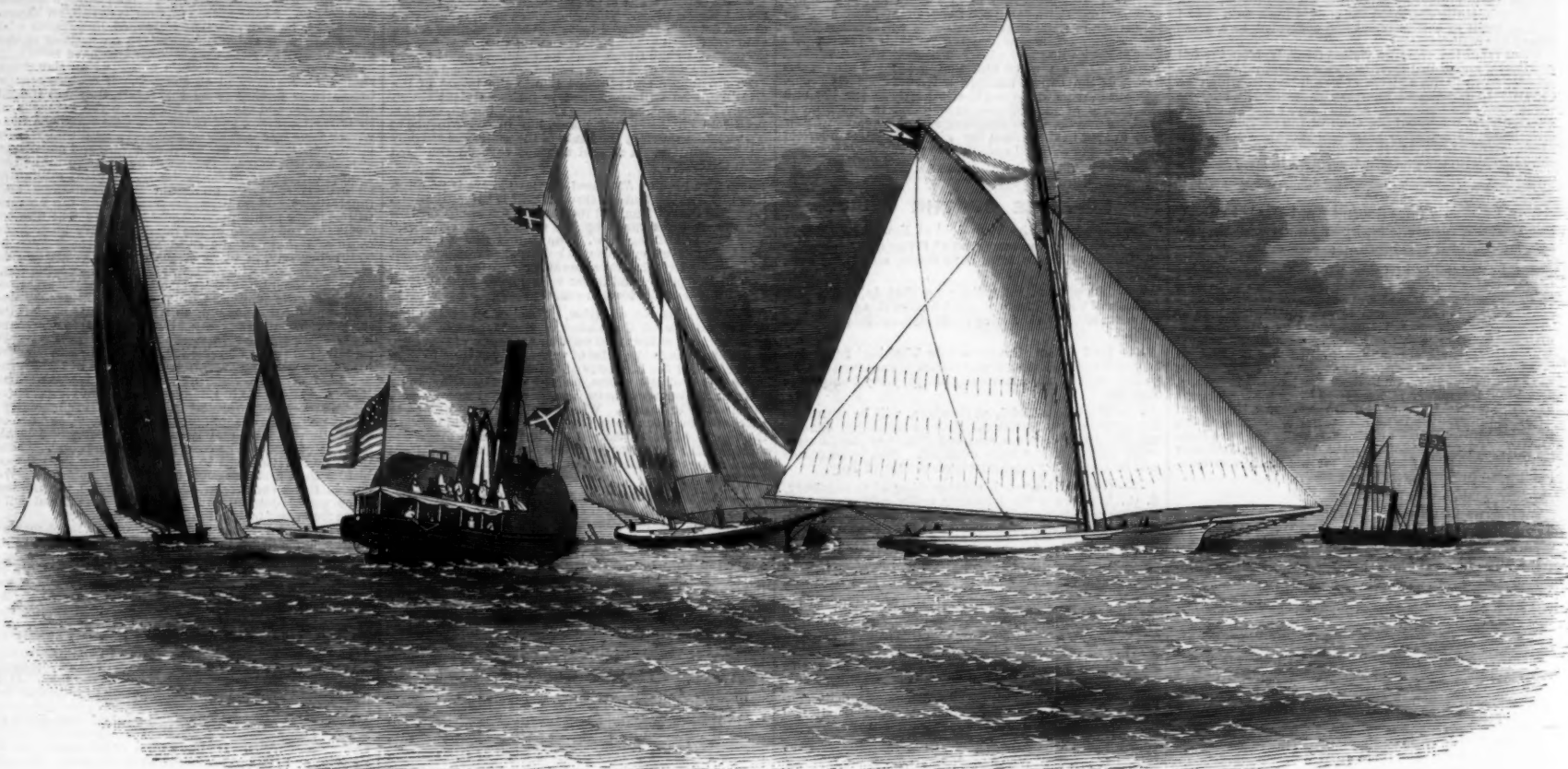
THE GLOBE PETROLEUM CO.

THIS is a company made up of gentlemen, who have combined for the purpose of working a large and fine Petroleum property, consisting of 200 acres of land in E., and 405 acres in 20 year leases, situated in the best districts of Ohio and Western Virginia, and in close proximity to river navigation and railways. A principal part of the property is in Washington county, Ohio, but a few miles from Marietta. Within a few days a sixty-barrel well has been struck, only a few rods from the lower boundary of the property of the Company, on Newell's Run. There are also fine wells above the property, and it is regarded as certain that the wells now going down on this property, which is only a small part of the aggregate held by the company, will yield a splendid return. The lands and leases are all paid for, and clear of every incumbrance. The members of the company only desire to dispose of their reserved shares for the purpose of sinking more wells on their lands and leases. They desire to put down at least twenty wells this summer. The success of a single one would be all the shareholders could wish for in the way of return on their investments. The oil in the part of Ohio where the Globe Company's property is situated, is found at much less depth than in Pennsylvania, and is generally of a denser quality and of double or treble value. There is room on the company's lands for hundreds of wells, with no risk of interference one with another.

The best guarantee of the bona fide character of the Globe Company is the known energetic character and unquestioned position of its founders. Mr. Frank Leslie is President, and Hon. E. G. Squier, late U. S. Minister in Central America and Commissioner in Peru, is Vice-President. The other directors are eminent business men, and the General Superintendent, Mr. Murray, one of the most experienced Petroleum men in the United States.

Thirty-five thousand shares, out of the total \$100,000, are offered to the public at \$3 per share, subject to no further call or assessment, as the property is paid for. The money, as already said, is only wanted for the further and full development of the lands.

Address John Clapp, Secretary Globe Petroleum Co., 458 Broadway, New York.



Maria.

Yacht Club steamer Virginia Seymour.

Magic.

Annie.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 8—ROUNDING THE BUOY OF THE S. W. SPIT, GOING DOWN.—SKETCHED BY H. SCHILL.

BELLE ISLAND, JAMES RIVER, One of the Prisons of Union Soldiers.

In a recent number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we gave a sketch of the camp on Belle Island where our brave lads were imprisoned. This view was taken on the island itself. We now present a view of it taken from the banks of the James river,

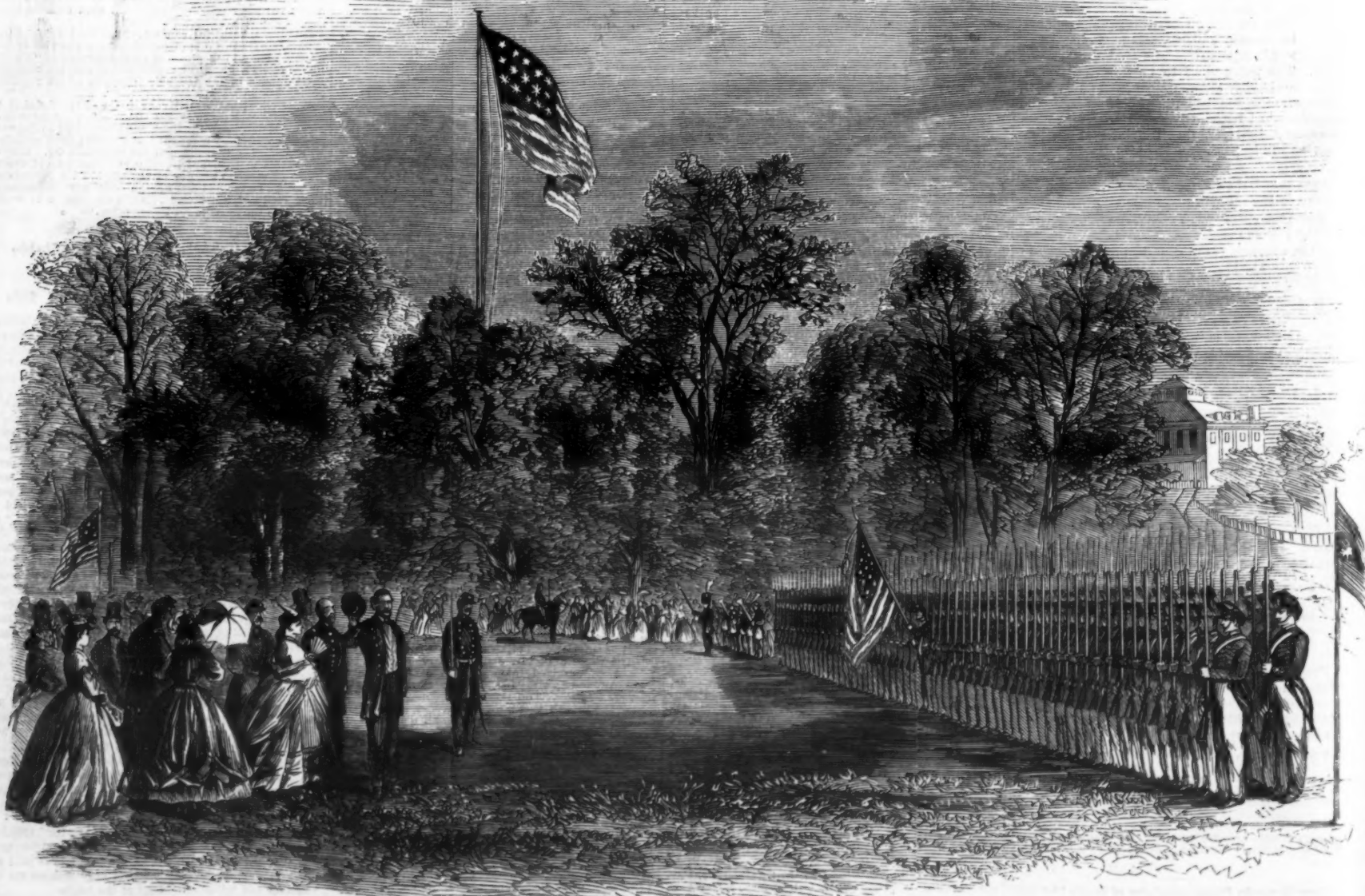
and certainly a pleasanter spot can hardly be pictured. As we have before described, Belle Island is about half a mile long, and is situated nearly in the middle of the stream. It will now, doubtless, return to its ancient occupation, as a pleasant place for pic-nics and courting—hence its name; but it will indeed be a very dull and unimpassioned nature that does not think, as he treads in future years this beautiful spot, of the thousands who have been slowly put to death by that miserable sullen

tyrant who now awaits trial in his cell in Fortress Monroe.

RUINS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARSENAL, RICHMOND, VA.

As an interesting reminiscence of the mightiest struggle that ever took place in the world, and as a

proof how malignant in its dying throes the slave rebellion was, we give a sketch of the ruins of the Confederate Arsenal, which was fired by the rebels when they evacuated Richmond. Our sketch represents it as it appeared on the 13th of April, nearly a fortnight after the last of the rebel army had marched out, only to find their last ditch to surrender, not to die in. Many thousand small arms were destroyed, the remains of which are shown in our picture.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT REVIEWING THE CADETS AT WEST POINT, JUNE 8.



VIEW OF BELLE ISLAND ON THE JAMES RIVER, OPPOSITE RICHMOND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

THE LOVE LETTER.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH,

SHE wanted—she felt her pen poisoning;
The satin sheet's creamy glow—
Newly invented words, to express to her lover
Something he longed to know.



Something to melt from the snow of its pages
Limpid as water and clear,
Sweet as bird song is, when nature uncages
The robins for May to hear.

Chaste as the missals wild flowers illumine,
In the cloisters of early spring,
Saintly bowed vestals, with eyes half human,
Whose each look is worshipping.

The pink of her cheek, as she sat and pondered,
White lids veiling her eyes—
Over her forehead and temples wandered,
In happy heart extacies.

Oh! timid soul, regal in womanly ermine,
Love but for love should be,
Can you not on some gracious speech deter-
mine
For the liege who gave royally.

I read, as she wrote in her smiles and blushes,
That bright-winged as humming-birds,
Her thoughts sipped at fountains where nectar
gushes
In the honey of tender words.

The Modern Cinderella.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

I stood in the bright May sunshine, in the yet
early morning, and looking over the cow fence, into
the narrow backyard, watched her at her work—

pretty a little maiden as you could find in all
the great city of New York. Her torn dress
showed her little bare ankles, and the tiny little
feet thrust into great boots—"too wide, a peck;"
the sunbeams played hide-and-seek among the
waves and tangled curls of her uncovered hair,
and losing themselves in its yellow glitter, forgot
to come out any more; and her slender little
fingers picked the cinders from the ash heap and
flung them into the pan beside her with all the
skill of an adept in the employment. I looked and
speculated about the pretty little cinder-picker
till my eyes grew moist, and a tear rolling down
my cheek awoke me from my reverie. Then I re-
membered that I was that morning engaged in
the cheerful occupation of looking up a boarding-
house for myself, and in order to be successful in
the pursuit I must move on. I did so; I wandered
down the whole length of the street, and into
another one, stopping now and then to question
at the doors from whence stared the information:
"A room to let for a single gentleman." "Board-
ing for single gentlemen only." "Rooms to let, to
gentlemen." "Front room and board for one
gentleman;" and other such intimations, all favor-
able to gentlemen only. "What a fortunate sex I
belong to," I thought, "and what in the world,
I wonder, becomes of all the poor, unmarried
adies—or married either, for that matter? What

can be the reason that no one advertises for lady-
boarders? O, now I have it—boarding-houses
are always superintended by women. That must
be the secret of the apparent disinclination on the
part of housekeepers in general to offer shelter
to the female heart."

Thus ruminating I had traversed half-a-dozen
streets, so far unsuccessful in my search.

Presently I found myself in front of an old-
fashioned, but very neat and cosy brick cottage.
On the left-hand side, and just beneath the bell-
knob, was the following information, inscribed on
very white, clean paper, in a free, bold hand-
writing:

"A small front parlor, with bedroom adjoining,
to let. Meals sent up if required."

No preference was expressed for either sex; and
I hesitated for a moment before pulling the bell-
knob—perchance a gentleman boarder might not
be acceptable.

"The place will suit me, I know," was my re-
mark, made in an undertone to myself; "and—
here goes!" I rang the bell with unnecessary
violence. Presently it was answered by a tidy
maid-servant, and I was ushered into the cosiest
of parlors and informed that "missus would be
down in a minute." The minute passed, and was
multiplied by the figure 5, and then "missus"
entered.

We agreed about terms, and I engaged the
rooms, in a very short time, during which I had
taken occasion, mentally, to assure myself that
Mrs. Gibson was as neat, pretty, lady-like and
altogether fascinating a little woman, as I had
seen in a long time. I then gave her my card,
paid a month in advance, and went away to order
my traps sent round immediately. I had deter-



IN SEARCH OF A HOME.

mined at first to have my meals sent up to my
room; but on consideration I changed my mind,
and at six o'clock that evening I dined at the
family table. There were but four other boarders
besides myself, and though, as I subsequently
learned, all had had the same option with regard
to meals that had been offered to myself, none
had availed themselves of it, and all four dined
with us. A gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs.
O'Brien, and two other gentlemen, named, res-
pectively, Ormsby and Nailly, myself and our
landlady made up the dinner party. And a very
cosy little party we made; the gentlemen were
social and friendly, and the ladies were both
pretty and witty. Before the end of the week we
were all like one family, and I declared a dozen
times a day that never in my life had I been so
comfortable.

"I never see Mr. Gibson, Molly," I said to the
tidy maid-servant one day, "is your mistress'
husband never at home?"

"Husband, sir? O lor! bless you missus is a
widdy, sir, and has been, goin' on to four year
now."

"Whew!" was the elegant and very long drawn
whistling exclamation with which I greeted this
intelligence; and if the truth must be told I just
slipped a dollar into Molly's hand, and told her
she was a "jolly girl."

"Yes, sir, thank you—anything else, sir?"

"Not just now, Molly—by the way, did you
say you've lived with Mrs. Gibson all those four
years?"

"Five year, sir; I was here when poor Mr



HER TORN DRESS SHOWED HER LITTLE BARE ANKLES."

Gibson died, and didn't miss me take on awful, though! Why, sir, I never see a woman go on like she did—it was cry and sob and walk the floor all day, and sob and cry and walk the floor all night, with her, for weeks and months. I do sometimes think it wonderful how she got over it at all, and I think I be dreaming to see her so chippy and pretty now-a-days."

"Tender-hearted little soul!" I thought, with a throb of admiration and pity and love for the fair widow.

"Well, Molly, one can't go on mourning for ever, you know; and if your mistress had continued to do so she would have been with her husband before this, and you wouldn't have such a nice place, nor I such a jolly little parlor."

"That be just true, Mr. Timford—lor! how I am wasting my time—yes'm," and Molly caught up her dust-brush and hurried away to answer Mrs. Gibson's call, leaving me to my reflections.

Now I admired Mrs. Gibson—pretty little Widow Gibson as I pleased myself by calling her now—I admired her greatly; so, too, did Ormsby and Naily—that I had seen from the first, and had smiled to see the clever way with which she, well aware of the admiration of both had encouraged neither; and yet remained on the most friendly relations with both. Then I thought it was a combination of skill, modesty and policy, on the part of a pretty married woman, who was not disposed to quarrel with a man for simply admiring her; but now I was not quite decided what to think, for being a widow she was entitled to the love and admiration of any man disposed to bestow them on her. Was she a coquette, or did she like me better than either of them? I had once or twice been tempted to think so, but a wholesome dread of becoming vain had always stepped between me and the flattering fancy. I thought a long time, unconsciously, now I really did not intend to waste my time so unprofitably. At last I decided to be guided by future indications of her preference, and so relieved my mind from a weight of wearisome conjecture.

Mrs. Gibson decidedly favored my advances; clearly my attentions were agreeable to her. I was more than pleased at the progress I made, and I heartily pitied my less fortunate rivals, Ormsby and Naily.

The last charm was added to the lovely widow, and this was it: I was well-to-do in this world's goods, in fact, I was richer than either of my rivals, and the disagreeable suspicion had sometimes dawned upon my mind that I was favored because of this advantage over the others. It was about this time that a rich uncle died, and left me heir to a large fortune. This increased my former wealth four times, and instead of showing greater pleasure in my society, or in any way encouraging my suit, Mrs. Gibson's manner towards me was characterized by a sort of pensive regret, that I felt sure I interpreted aright. She was evidently sorry that I was any richer than before, as fearing that increase of worldly goods might put a barrier between us. This was indeed flattering to me, for now I felt that she loved me for myself alone, and I encouraged the belief. My mind was made up. I resolved to lay my hand and fortune at my enslaver's feet.

This resolve was taken one morning while I sat waiting for my shaving water to be brought, and just as I had arranged in what words to make my proposal, the maid tripped lightly in.

"Put it on my bureau, Molly," I said, without turning towards her.

"Yes, sir," said a voice, but not Molly's—a voice so fresh and sweet that I turned and saw the pretty little cinder-wench of weeks before, and whom I recognised immediately.

"Hallo, Cinderella! Why, my dear, where in the world do you come from?"

"From the kitchen, sir. Molly was very busy, and she told me to bring up the boiling water."

"But how do you come to be in the kitchen, pray?"

"In the kitchen, sir? Why, I am always there?"

"Do you live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless me! How long have you lived here?"

"Ever since I can remember, sir."

"Indeed! But pray what do you do?"

"Why, I wash dishes, and sweep sometimes, and pick the cinders—anything they tell me to do."

"You do, eh? Excuse my astonishment, but you've amazed me. And now you may run away; this water will be cold presently, and before that happens I must shave."

She turned and left the room with a quick, light, firm step, and it's a wonder I did not shave my chin off as well as my beard, while I stood watching the fearful contortions of my face in the glass and thinking of little Cinderella. She was dressed much the same and looked much the same as on the morning I had first seen her, but older than I had then thought her. As she stood before me and talked with me she must have been about fourteen. So it was in Mrs. Gibson's backyard I had first seen her, picking cinders, doubtless some poor workhouse wail that my kind-hearted Julia—I had learned her name by that time—had picked up, and was trying to rear in honesty and industry. Dear little widow! So much were my thoughts given up to my fair Julia and her little protégée, that I was far down the street ere I remembered the momentous proposal I was to have made that morning. To go back was bad luck; and so that opportunity passed by. Several more days passed away, and uncertainty was still my portion; I could find no fitting opportunity to declare my passion to Julia.

I had seen Cinderella—that is, Jessie, for that was her name—once or twice since the morning on which her unexpected appearance so surprised me, and I had spoken once to Mrs. Gibson about her. Julia was not pleased with the subject of conversation I had chosen.

"Has that lazy, slovenly child been bothering you, Mr. Timford?" she exclaimed.

"Not bothering me, dear Mrs. Gibson—not

bothering me at all, I assure you. She merely brought some hot water to my room the other day."

"I told her never to enter any of the rooms, Mr. Timford. I would not have any one annoyed by her slatternly appearance for the world; and it was very stupid of Molly to let her go to your room. I will forbid it more strictly than before."

"Pray don't do that; it doesn't annoy me to have her come up instead of the girl—indeed, I like the child."

"I understand your kindness in saying that, George" (once or twice she had called me George before, but on this occasion my heart did not palpitate as on former ones). "You see that I am worried by her, and you wish to put your own feelings out of the question. That child is the torment of my life; for years, now, I have been trying to make something of her, but her indolence and untidy habits laugh at my efforts."

"Is it possible? And yet she looks a very sweet and gentle little girl."

"That is the most provoking part of it. I was taken in by her sweet looks when I first took charge of her; and she deceives every one in the same way. I have never dared to treat her with the rigor she deserves, and which might, perhaps, subdue her properly, lest I might seem harsh towards her. Oh, my life is worn out with her," and a few sudden tears of vexation sprang to Julia's bright eyes, making them brighter than before. All my heart was on my lips, and my fate would have been decided in the next minute, but for the inopportune entrance of Naily. I believe the rascal saw how he had interrupted me, and was glad of it, for a smile lingered about his lips.

A few days later I had left the house earlier than usual to go down town, and in my haste had forgotten my gloves. I ran back, letting myself in with my latch-key, and was coming through the hall again after getting my gloves, when a smothered sob caught my ear, and I stood and listened. The sound came from the dining-room on my left, and was presently succeeded by louder indications of grief. It was my love—some sorrow had befallen her; and without a moment's hesitation I stepped to the door, which stood half-open, determined to reveal all my heart to her gaze, and give her whatever comfort my love could bestow on her.

Heavens! Shall I ever forget the sight that met my eyes as, standing there, concealed by the half closed door, but seeing everything on the other side, I took in the scene before me. On the floor was crouched little Jessie—little Cinderella as I generally called her—her head bent upon her arms, crying and sobbing as though her heart would break, and over her stood Mrs. Gibson—Julia, my Julia, as I had often fondly called her to my own heart—white with rage, trembling, and her eyes blazing with passion.

My head whirled, and a positive thrill of horror, succeeded by loathing and disgust, shook me as I looked.

"Let that teach you," presently said my late enchantress, "never to disobey my orders again. Oh, you would wait on Mr. Timford, little toad, would you? Have I not told you again and again never to go near his room—eh? Answer me, little viper! Speak!"

"Yes—mother," sobbed the poor child, and I almost felt that my ears deceived me, that I was the fool of fancy or a dream, when I heard the word. But women do not, in a dream, rush forward as Julia Gibson did at that name. She caught the poor trembling child by the arm and raised her from the floor by a sudden jerk, and then, shaking her violently, she said:

"How many times have I forbade you to call me by that name? If you value your life, never call me mother again."

"My father bade me call you so, and I sometimes forget."

"Forget again at peril of your life. Your father, indeed? Your father is in his grave, poor fool, where I wish you were beside him."

"And so do I—so do I," and the poor child sank down again, and wept afresh.

The woman gave a short, heartless, insulting laugh, and turned suddenly. I had but just time to elip across the hall and into the parlor opposite before she came out, and passing the room in which I was, I heard her run upstairs to her own apartment. In the next moment I was in the dining-room, and had raised Jessie from the floor. She looked at me with a shudder, and pushed me away with outstretched hands eloquent of terror.

"Don't be afraid, my child, I have witnessed the scene between you and that bad, cruel woman. Listen—you must answer my question, and I will make it my care that never again shall any harsh hand be raised against you while I live. That woman is not your mother?"

"Oh no, no, sir, she is not."

"Then her husband that was, Mr. Gibson, was your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has she always treated you cruelly?"

"Ever since papa's death—before that, from the time that papa married her, I was at school."

"What age are you now, Jessie?"

"Fifteen, next January."

"Who took you away from school?"

"Mrs. Gibson."

"When?"

"Immediately after my father's death."

"And she brought you home here, immediately?"

"Oh no, sir, she put me to board in a farmhouse, for a whole year, with very poor people; and she told me if I ever told any one my name was Jessie Gibson she would kill me. But, oh, sir! don't stay here—don't speak to me any more, please, or what will become of me?"

"One word more—you are not happy here? You would not be content to go away from here to school where you would be well-cared for, well-treated, and free from your cruel step-mother's tyranny?"

"Oh, sir, if I might—it would be like going to heaven."

"My child, you shall. You are not afraid of me? Look at me—I have no little sister—you shall be my sister. Meet me at the corner of this street to-night at eight o'clock; I have a kind, good friend, a lady, who will be as a mother to you, and with her advice and assistance a suitable school shall be selected for you. Say good-bye to cruelty and bitter tears, for you shall never know them any more. Good-bye. Remember eight o'clock."

Hurriedly and noiselessly I left the house; and it was not till I had walked far down the street that I took time for calm reflection on what I had done. I had acted on impulse, but I did not regret it; and if I had it would have been useless, for I would not have gone back in what I had promised. Not for any small scruples would I have disappointed the reliant hope I had seen flash into poor little Jessie's eyes when she realised that her freedom awaited her that night.

I proceeded directly to Mrs. Ashburton's, and briefly related to her what I have told my readers. She half shook her head, and smiled; and then, as I knew she would, finally consented to become the protectress of my adopted sister till I could find a suitable school to place her in.

That evening I did not return to dinner at my boarding-house, as had been my invariable custom to do up to that time; resolved to give no ground for suspicion on the part of my landlady I dined with Mrs. Ashburton, and proceeded to my tryst at eight o'clock. The child was waiting for me, pale, trembling, but resolute; and I at once placed her under the care of my friend.

I kept a close watch on Mrs. Gibson for the first few days immediately following Jessie's disappearance. The signs of her anxiety, uneasiness, and whatever her state of mind might be described as being, were so slight that I might not have observed them at all, had I not known that there were reasons for her feeling at least wonder. She said nothing; and I satisfied myself that whatever uneasiness she might feel was solely on her own account, and more than counterbalanced at having got rid of the cause of it.

"Heartless, unfeeling, brazen—oh! I was fast growing to despise and hate my lovely, fascinating Julia!"

The weeks flew on. Not once had Mrs. Gibson alluded to Jessie's disappearance. She seemed to have utterly ignored the fact of her ever having existed.

In the meantime my pretty little protégée was snugly disposed of in a flourishing seminary in Troy, since become rather famous as a place of learning. She was improving rapidly; I received every fortnight the most satisfactory news concerning her from the head of the establishment, and once a week a dear little letter from herself. I had not changed my boarding-house, for I felt convinced that there was more in this little story that was being interwoven with my life than appeared on the surface; so I lost no opportunity of studying Mrs. Gibson. Inensibly I had fallen off in those delicate attentions towards her that signify to a woman that she is beloved; and I was not blind to the fact that Mrs. Gibson perceived this and made strenuous efforts to win back my allegiance.

At length I completely resigned the position I had taken so much pains to obtain; and Naily and Ormsby were left to contest the field alone.

A year past thus. I went to Troy once, to see my little protégée; and found a lovely young girl, in elegant summer attire, with golden hair fastened in a mass at the back, and tied with a bow of pale blue ribbon, and whose eloquent blue eyes thanked me so sweetly, so tenderly, for what I had done for her, that quite unconsciously I bent forward and taking her in my arms kissed the fair open brow. Then Miss Jessie Gibson blushed rosy as the morning, and extricated herself from my arms with a pretty embarrassment that reminded me she was a young lady. On my way back to New York the next day I thought much more of the fair Cinderella than in my warmest moods I had ever thought of her step-mother. Months passed on, and nothing happened—that is, nothing of moment, and I was impatiently waiting for something to happen—for that there was something, and that of considerable importance, to happen soon I felt such a presentiment as almost amounted to certainty. I always lunched at a certain restaurant down town, where I was known, and where I had a little crib to myself, shut up in a screen, and removed from general observation. I was taking my lunch there one day, when I heard my own name spoken close by where I sat, and the sound of it awoke my attention.

"I tell you," said the voice, "she is doing her utmost to entrap this rich young sprig, Timford; and I hear that he was or is rather sweet on her too; take my word for it. Russel, the pretty little widow, will throw you over for the rich swell, and so you lose your Julia."

"She dare not; I have her in my power," was the confident reply.

"Wasn't there a child of Gibson's, at the time of his death?"

"Yes, a girl; but she is dead."

"Dead! Pray have you the proofs of that?"

"No; but Julia has told me that she died of scarlet fever at a farm-house somewhere—a place she sent her to board, I believe, after taking her from school."

"It is my opinion your sweet Julia is a perfect devil of a woman; but yet I don't think her bold enough to have put the child out of the way."

"Be quiet, Hendrix, for heaven's sake! What absurd nonsense you talk; yet I wouldn't wish strangers to hear even such idiotic remarks about the lady soon to be Mrs. Russel."

"Be advised by a friend, then, and look sharply after the future Mrs. Russel before she becomes Mrs. Timford."

With this remark they rose from their table and left the restaurant together, having thrown me into a far from pleasurable state of mind. I was now convinced of what I had already sus-

pected; there was between Mrs. Gibson and Mr. Russel, who was, no doubt, her legal adviser, a conspiracy to rob the child, Jessie Gibson, of her inheritance, and as a reward for his share in the transaction, the lawyer had been promised the hand of the step-mother. Did he believe the girl dead? I asked myself; and if he did, was I able to prove that she was not so; I thought of the farmhouse where Jessie had been sent, and which she had remembered well enough to tell me the name of the people, and to give me a tolerably clear description of where the place was situated.

I resolved to look it up at once. That evening I chanced to hear Mr. Russel announced; and I saw Mrs. Gibson leave the table. Dinner was just over. With the least perceptible degree of agitation, but perfect mistress of herself, as she was, I detected the signs. What would I not have given to have heard the conversation that passed between them in that little back parlor—but it was impossible. Much as they deserved it, and greatly as I desired to be of service to Jessie, I could not play the part of spy or eavesdropper. One thing was clear, however, I must act quickly, if I would act at all; for it was evident that matters were reaching a crisis between the widow and the lawyer. No longer sure of me, she would conclude the bargain with the lawyer. She would be his wife; and his reasons for justifying himself in whatever course he had pursued, or intended to pursue, would become trebly strong.

Strategy! I said, to myself. Yes, I answered. It is the only card left me, and I must stake all upon the throwing of it.

Instead of setting out a search of the farmhouse, I sent a trusty agent, and renewed my attentions to the widow. This time with a degree of warmth that was unmistakable, and successfully imposed upon her. She felt more sure of me now than she had ever done before. Lawyer Russel called frequently; but his inamorata, instead of responding to these marks of attention on his part, rapidly became from coldly polite to freezingly distant, and to my infinite joy I perceived that her lover was as rapidly becoming exasperated. This was the event towards the accomplishment of which I now bent all my arts and energies. My hope was that he would turn against her, and in revenge reveal the entire plot to me.

Fate kindly took the matter in hand at this juncture, and managed yet more skilfully, and in this manner:

My agent whom I had sent to the farm-house, and who was also my very dear friend, had returned triumphantly. Matters of that nature are said to be very difficult in novels, I believe. In real life, however, speaking from experience, they are generally quite easy, especially so when one has the law and a tolerably long purse on one's side.

At the farm-house my friend Barlow was informed that the child, Mary Woods, as they had known her, had died of scarlet fever, and had been buried from their house; but with the aid of threats and money judiciously administered, he learned at last that the country people had no further evidence of the child's death than having been told by the lady who had given her in charge to them, that she had died suddenly of scarlet fever after having been taken home. So far well. There was no proof that Jessie was dead, while I possessed strong proofs that she was living. My friend had dined with me, and after dinner we had retired to my room to discuss the subject that now engrossed my thoughts to the exclusion of all others. We were supposed by Mrs. Gibson to have gone out. I think, by a curious coincidence, every one else was out. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien had gone to the theatre, and the two rivals, defeated by me, had gone out arm in arm, drawn together, probably, through mutual misfortune. I had a reason in remaining in my room, and a reason for making it supposed that I had gone out. I had heard Molly tell her mistress in a low tone, that Mr. Russel was waiting to see her in the back parlor. Mrs. Gibson would probably have thought me horribly jealous had she known how I clung to my room after hearing that name. I was rewarded. The conference in the back parlor had lasted about half an hour, when the silence was broken by the violent opening of the door, and the voice of Mr. Russel, as he came into the hall:

"I'm glad I understand you at last, madam," he said furiously. "But it is not yet too late. You may have thought me fool enough to believe in that girl's death—it was my policy to make you think so. But she lives, and I will find her."

"You will be doing me a favor," was the answer in Mrs. Gibson's soft and silver-sweet voice.

"I will also tell her that she is sole heiress to everything left by her father, and that the will is in my possession."

"I have seriously thought of telling her that myself," was the calm reply.

At this I made a gesture to Barlow, and on tip-toe he approached my door.

"Perhaps you are equally willing," resumed the lawyer, "to have her informed that you forget another will bequeathing all poor Gibson's property to yourself, and that I was to prove it the genuine last will and testament of her father?"

"You may even do that. I don't think that her severe opinion—when you have found her—will give me much trouble. As to the property, I can afford to lose it."

"Indeed! You can afford to lose the love, too, of that infatuated fool whose money you hope to get instead of it? I shall tell Mr. Timford also, all that you are so willing I should tell Miss Gibson."

"He would not believe you."

Again I had acted on impulse, and it served me well. By this time Barlow and myself were but a yard from the belligerents. I stepped forward and confronted my landlady.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Gibson," I said, "but I believe every word of what this gentleman has threatened you with."

She looked at me wildly; an expression of the deepest rage passed over her face, and then she

gave a sudden, sharp scream, and fainted. She exhibited considerable tact to the last, I must admit. I did not show so much consideration as I might once have done to my insensible landlady. I merely rang the bell and gave her over to the care of Molly, who was so utterly amazed as to be almost good for nothing.

With the lawyer we made quick work. Denial was useless in the presence of a witness who was ready to swear to all he had heard; and so Mr. Russell came to terms very easily.

I will not linger over this part of my little Cinderella's fortunes, for though it was in its way a triumph, it does not give me that satisfaction to look back upon, that triumphs usually do. For the sake of the heartless schemer—who richly deserved state prison I thought—I was at last persuaded to let the affair quietly drop, in consideration that my protégée should, without trouble, and immediately, recover all her rights.

The fascinating widow broke up her charming little establishment very suddenly, and all but two of her boarders were loud in expressions of regret. Those two were myself and Mr. Ormsby. Unhappy Ormsby! He was richer than Nally, and in the desperation of her changed fortunes, Mrs. Gibson consented to accept his hand in lieu of my own. When I see Nally disconsolate, down-cast and looking daggers at his successful rival, I am sometimes half tempted to offer him a word of consolation. Perhaps I shall some time.

When I next visited Troy, it was to bring Jessie to the home where she had so long been drudge in general and cinder-pickler in ordinary to her mightiness Mrs. Gibson. And a second time I pressed my lips to that fair brow as I congratulated her on coming into her little fortune. Then something urged me to say:

"I don't at all like going away from my old boarding-house, Jessie. Couldn't you be persuaded to turn boarding-house keeper?"

But she shook her head decidedly, and declined stepping into that flourishing business.

"But you won't send me away, Jessie, dear?" I said, with a warm glow at my heart.

And she looked up into my face with a glance half shy, half saucy. The golden opportunity was mine at last. At last that long repressed proposal had its own way. And when my pretty little Cinderella said "Yes—I love you, dear George!" oh! how I blessed the fate that had come between me and the utterance of that proposal three years before!

HEARTS AND FACES.

CAN you judge, by a smile, who is gay,
Nor once be misled by the token?
I know that I laughed aloud one day,
From a heart that was almost broken.

But my laughter rang false, do you say?
Or tears followed very soon after.
You are wrong; for I wept not that day,
And my laugh was the merriest laughter.

That my grief was not deep, you maintain,
Since I found it so easy to cover;
But I tell you I writhed with the pain,
And one writhes not when anguish is over.

For my own part, I scarcely believe
That sighing can only mean sadness;
And I wholly misdo not, you perceive,
That laughter must always prove gladness.

Are you sure it is grief when a tear starts?
Can you trust smiles of mirth in all places?
If aught can be false than human hearts,
It surely must be human faces!

ROSSITOR HOUSE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

I PLAYED ON. Somehow the music sounded so strangely to me—so solemn and mournful and deep!—the same undertone running through everything. I opened piece after piece, plunged into gay polkas and gayer waltzes. Oh for that monk's magic fingers! Still the same dirge-like echo clung to all.

"Go and rest," whispered a voice behind me.

A circle of dancers were whirling by. I waited until their dance was over. Then the heat and perfume of the room began to tell upon me in a symptom of dizzy faintness. I left my seat, and gliding through the masked and glittering figures, found refuge in a room adjoining, through whose half-open door I could still watch the maskers, still sit in the dazzle and laughter and sweet sounds of the masquerade.

Good heaven! what a night it was outside! The wind groaned drearily in the shutters; the heavy blinding rain beat against them, and the long, wild roar of the lashed and agonised sea rose up uninterruptedly. Restless, uneasy, I knew not why, and half-shuddering at every sound of the storm, I paced back and forth across the floor, listening. A shutter had blown loose—I paused at the window, only to be driven back the next moment by a blue, blinding flash of light that cast its lurid glare through all the room. I sank against the wall, wondering and half-stunned.

"Wondering, because just below the casement that pale flash had shown me a saddled horse standing in the rain, pawing the earth fiercely, his bridle held by a groom. Who could be going abroad on such a night from Rossitor House? A sound from the drawing-room aroused me—little ripples of laughter, exclamations of triumph or surprise, mingling voices—they were unmasking. Then followed a quick, portentous hush, and a clatter of feet in the hall. I looked up, and half-way down the stair-case saw the figure of the monk, his mask in his hand, his black robe slipping down behind him, and his face—the face of Judge

Rossitor—set, white, terrible, advancing towards me like a spectre's.

"Miss Darrow!"

"Sir!"

I rose up. My heart gave a great bound, then stood still.

He came in, closing the door behind him. One hand fallen at his side, crushed something white, like paper.

"I think I can trust you," he said, advancing close to me, and the other hand grasping my arm like a vice. "You will not faint or shriek? We shall have enough of that when the news is told in the next room. This note was found lying on Mrs. Rossitor's dressing-table ten minutes ago—read it."

The great drops of agony stood on his forehead, his eyes were like living coals, but he smoothed the crushed paper out with a hand that never trembled, and stood by to see me read. The note ran thus:

"MY HUSBAND—I may call you that for the last time—farewell! For years I have loved Grant Wyvil; we were plighted long ago. If I was then false to him and to my own heart, this hour is my punishment. I go with him from beneath your roof, never to return. I have never loved you as I ought, never been the wife you have deserved; you know this only too well. I do not ask you to forgive me for wrecking your happiness, for bringing disgrace on your good name and on our child—it would be too great a boon; but I go. Do not seek to follow me. When you read this I shall be beyond your reach. God bless you. Ask Ruth Darrow to pray for me. AGNES."

Fled—gone together! No, I did not shriek or faint. We stood up there and looked in each other's eyes one moment, each seeing in the other the desolation of a terrible loss; then I thrust the letter back into his hand, clutching blindly at the black, pitiless wall.

God knows what passed next. To me it was all like the dim, uncertain things seen darkly in a dream. The galloping away of that half-frenzied man in a futile pursuit through the pitch black storm, the quick scattering of the gay maskers, in the breath of evil tidings, as chaff is scattered in the wind, horrified faces of the old family servants peering in at the doors, the dreadful silence and darkness that settled down in the long halls; the crushed flowers, still breathing perfumes, left where the feet of the revelers had been, and the child that awakened in the lonely nursery and cried herself to sleep again for one who would come no more.

Prone upon the floor, with my face in the dust, I lay till the first gray gleam of morning; then, drenched, haggard and ghastly, Judge Rossitor came back. This much, and this only, he had learned regarding the fugitives; they had hired a boat for Roswell's Harbor, ten miles farther down the shore, and embarked an hour before midnight, with two seamen and Mrs. Rossitor's French maid. Beyond that nothing was known; but the daylight, perhaps, might bring further tidings.

"A flight across that wild, tossing bay in the darkness! God pity them!" I thought.

Gloomy and expectant, in the still dawn, the old house stood waiting. The poplars stretched forth their skeleton arms in warning towards the sea. Then—ah, what then?

Two fishermen, crossing the beach at early day-break, found, washed up amid its sand and seaweed, a scarlet rosary, with a cornelian cross hanging from it. The sea had given back the dead.

Her cheek lay pillowed on her hand, they told me—that tender, snow-white hand! About the dead, drowned face dripped and clung the drenched golden hair. The dark eyes were closed, the passionate was at rest. So they brought her back to Rossitor House.

God judges all. It was enough to know that all error, all crime were now expiated. The past, with whatever it held of light or darkness, had passed into a higher and a holier hand. His judgments are not ours. His mercy is not our mercy.

I asked no questions. Perhaps they had shared a common doom—perhaps he had escaped. In the dull, dreary apathy succeeding hours of torture, I scarcely cared to know which, for in either case he was for ever dead to me. It had been a stroke as sharp and sudden as lightning. One moment had sufficed to strip my life of all that makes life worth the having—all love, all trust, all happiness gone like a breath! I looked at my gray-white face with a thrill of horror. It could not be mine. Years had passed over it, not hours.

"There is nothing more," I said.

Yes. It is a wide world. The labors are many, the laborers few. My duty came to me, even while I dreamed all my earthly duties done.

They had laid Agnes Rossitor away on the lonely shore. It was the night after the burial, when that wronged and sorrow-stricken man led to me his little motherless child, in her mourning frock, with the large tears standing in her solemn eyes.

"I am going abroad, Miss Darrow," he said, quietly. "I may not return for years—I may never return. There is no one to whom I can confide the care of this child, unless it be yourself. I trust and respect you. I shall feel secure of her welfare if I know you are watching over it. You can remain here, or you can choose a happier home, haunted by no associations."

"I will remain here," I answered.

"And you accept the charge?"

I took the little hand of the child, as it came nestling softly into my own, and looked at his grave, sorrowful face.

"May God deal by me as I deal by her."

"I am satisfied," he said, simply, drawing a deep breath.

So he went away; so, also, my new duty began—new, rather than the old continued. He went to Europe. Rossitor House, closed to all visitors, stood up among its poplars, like a great gray phantom, by the stormy, restless sea, and there we lived our quiet, uneventful life with the old family servants,

Ada and I. I took no note of time; it was of little need in lives marked like ours. The summer birds came and went across the sea. The long, low marshes grew verdant in the spring time, then faded, sere and yellow, again and again. A walk along the sandy shore, some row across the treacherous bay, some gift of fruit or flowers from the kindly hamlet people, and the long hours of patient thought and study in the still rooms of Rossitor House, made up the sum of weeks, and months, and years. The child at my side was growing taller every day. I had, too, another warning in the streaks of gray beginning to show in the hair about my temples.

Now and then news came from over the sea. He was wandering farther and farther away, a lone, uneasy spirit, seeking the rest and forgetfulness he could not find. I knew only too well how the good stung.

"When papa comes back," Ada would say, looking at me with wistful eyes; "do you think he will come, Miss Darrow? Poor papa!" tremulously.

My heart ached for her. No, I did not think he would ever come.

It was the last day of a long and lovely autumn I was coming up from the shore in a cold, leaden twilight, my gray dress sweeping over fallen leaves, their dead, crisp, rustle beneath my feet, and far off, in the west, one streak of tawny red thrust, like a bloody hand, through the rain-dark clouds. In a clump of evergreens, standing up from the beach, gloomy and tall, was the grave of Agnes Rossitor. There was a broken shaft of purest marble at its head, with the one word, "Agnes," cut deep in its whiteness, and the dead shrubbery rustled with a plaintive, solemn sound about the enclosure. The gate was a swing. I went through and stood at the head of the grave.

Oh, passionate, ill-fated heart, doomed so early! and low the mocking voice of the surf came booming up the beach. The wind surged through the evergreens like a pitiful, dying cry. Weak and weary with an unspeakable sadness, I leaned against the broken shaft and dropped a sprig of holly upon the grave.

"Ruth!" said a voice.

It might have come from the grave beneath, it was so low and deep. I started up. A tall, dark shadow stood between me and that streak of tawny red flashing through the evergreens—the shadow of a man, in a dark cloak, standing there like a statue.

"Ruth!" once more.

Can the sea give up its dead? My brain whirled, I caught blindly at the cold burial stone, as he lifted his cap and stood there before me in the dying light. It was Grant Wyvil!

"Ruth, do you know me?"

That low grave at my feet had been made five years before. Slowly from its sere brown outline I lifted my eyes to his face. Changed! yes, but still the same; worn with many lines, brown, bearded, the hair streaked here and there with silver, the eyes full of a sorrowful remorse.

"Grant!" I answered, as if groping in a dream. He took one step toward me.

"You do remember, then?" passionately. "You have not forgotten me? Thank God for this, at least."

Something stirred in my heart faintly, then grew still. I looked at the burial shaft, at the evergreens, at that dark, remorseful face, without seeing either.

"I thought you dead," after a long, dreary pause.

"Dead?" bitterly. "I could not die. Death does not come to the few who seek it; and—do you think I could have rested in a grave even, without seeing you once more, without once praying your forgiveness?"

He kept his face turned away from the grave, and made a quick, passionate gesture.

"I forgave you long ago, Grant," I answered, hardly recognising my own quiet voice.

"Ruth!" with fierce eagerness.

"It was the last thing left for either; why should I not?"

A long broken moan; the next moment he was down in the grass at my feet, the brown grass rustling mournfully, with a look in his eyes that I shall never forget. Oh, how dim and far away the twilight and the faint autumn moon seemed—how unspeakably sad and dreary sounded the hoarse, restless sea.

"Ruth, wronged, deserted, yet loved better than woman was ever loved before, have pity! If I have sinned, I have also suffered—God alone knows how much—these long, desolate years. See, I am at your feet! Give me back but the title of the old love, but a shadow of the old tenderness, and I will be content. My Ruth!"

The hand he had seized in his fierce, ardent pleading, I drew gently, yes, sorrowfully away.

"Here, Grant? This grave is between us: it will be between us for ever."

He clenched his hands fiercely together. The white lips were tremulous.

"But you loved me once, girl?"

"Yes, Grant, once. I pity you now."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

The clenched hands parted, and fell loosely at his side.

"My God, I have lost all!" he said.

I turned my face away. The tears were thick in my eyes, I think, but they did not fall.

"Not all, Grant. There is truth to live for, and right and duty. For the rest—"

"For the rest?" he echoed, drearily.

"God will take care of it."

His wild, despairing kisses fell on my hands, imprisoned for the last time in his own; the haggard, mournful face, pale to the lips, searched mine for the moment with eager, passionate, wistfulness; then he turned slowly.

"It is our last meeting, Ruth. Farewell."

I heard the crisp rustle of the dry grasses, one last look cast backward at her grave, and he opened

the little gate and passed through, his head bowed on his bosom, with the slow, faltering step of an old man, and Grant Wyvil and I had met for the last time on earth.

Autumn deepened into the white, cheerless winter. It was when the snow lay drifted on the lonely shore that fires of welcome were lighted on the hearths of Rossitor House, frightening away their gloom and dreariness once more, and a feast was spread, and a tired and lonely wanderer came home.

Dark with the sun of tropic lands, the furrows deeper along his forehead, the sad eyes grave now where they had once been stern, he entered again into his own halls, like a stranger, and sat down in the shadows of his own fireside.

I held aloof, waiting. Would he find in the tall, graceful girl, who flung her tender, loving arms around him on the threshold, all that he had hoped for, a worthy record of the five long years in which I had served him? It was a proud face that he wore, I thought, in the white reach of those arms.

He came into the still green room one day, where Ada sat at my feet, with the winter sunshine on her hair, it was a few weeks after his return, and there dropped into her lap, white and shining, and the last of many costly gifts which he had brought her, an Indian necklace of purest seed pearls. Her cheeks flushed a little, then she looked up, half shy, half pleading, twisting the spotless coil around her hand.

"Papa, you are a good gent, but—too partial. Don't give all your treasures to me."

"I will not," he answered, smiling.

Still she looked at him askant, her slender fingers stealing into mine.

"I wish, papa—"

"Well?"

"You know."

"Yes," gravely. "You wish I had been kind enough, or grateful enough, to have remembered Miss Darrow. Perhaps I have; who knows?"

"Papa!" with a glad, earnest face.

He held her back, half playful, half mocking.

"Who was going down to the shore for sea mosses, this morning, little girl? I know of a horse that stood saddled and bridled half an hour ago, and he does not like to wait. Run away and get your hat."

He stood at the window, his dark, grave, profile turned toward me, gazing out on the desolate shore till the last echo of his child's eager feet had died away, then he turned suddenly, his face transfigured, his eyes darkening and deepening with a new, strange lustre. The blood leaped from my heart to my brain in one hot, mad bound.

"Ruth," said the grave voice, "I have a gift, hardly worthy of your acceptance, it is true, and yet the costliest that I can offer. Will you take it?"

Vaguely wondering, I looked up. What I saw in his face, what deeps unknown, unguessed-of before, words of mine can never tell. He took one step towards me.

"A heart, Ruth, that has learned to know you through much suffering, whose trust and love have been born of pain and so purified, a desolate life which has, at last, found faith, and hope, and sunlight again, through your own, and, Ruth, a home—here!"

He opened his arms, with sad, passionate pleading. One quick cry, in which heart answered heart, and I stood in the winter sunlight with my face hidden upon his breast.

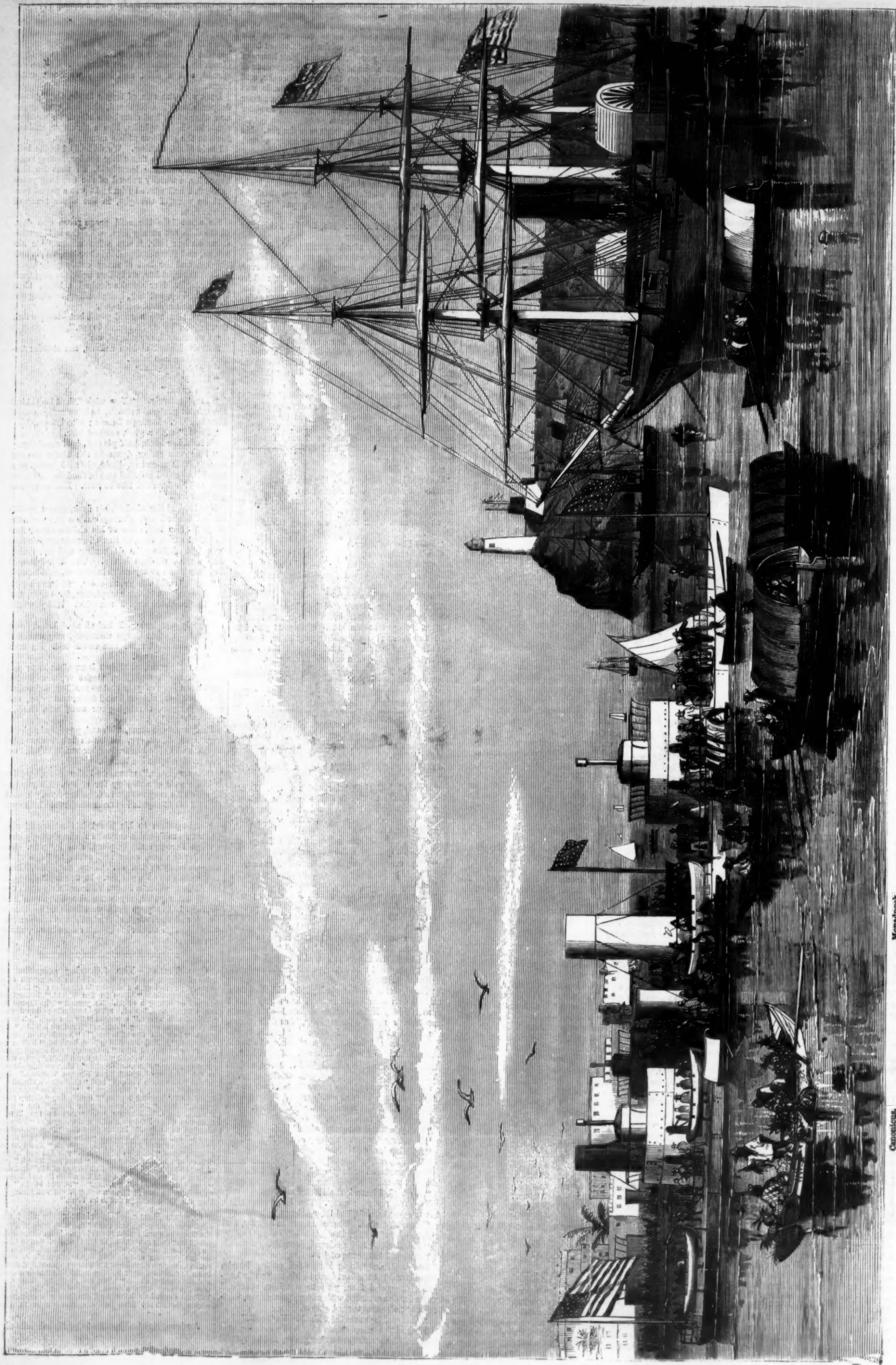
"Never more," murmured the deep, tender voice, "pain or suffering for either. No good or ill which we may not share together now. Thank God! I stand repaid in one moment for the losses of a life!"

Nestling close to his heart, in the happy light, I saw two milk-white seagulls circling slowly over a ridge through the poplars, side by side. Beyond lay the sea, calm and even, and the white ships, stately as dreams. Tears, hot, glad, blinding, welled up to my eyes. It was a prophecy, a revelation, wherein I saw, as completely as in the happy after years, my womanhood crowned and perfected, the pure gold won from all worthless dross, and the love, and strength, and tenderness, that through all the life to come were never, never to fail.

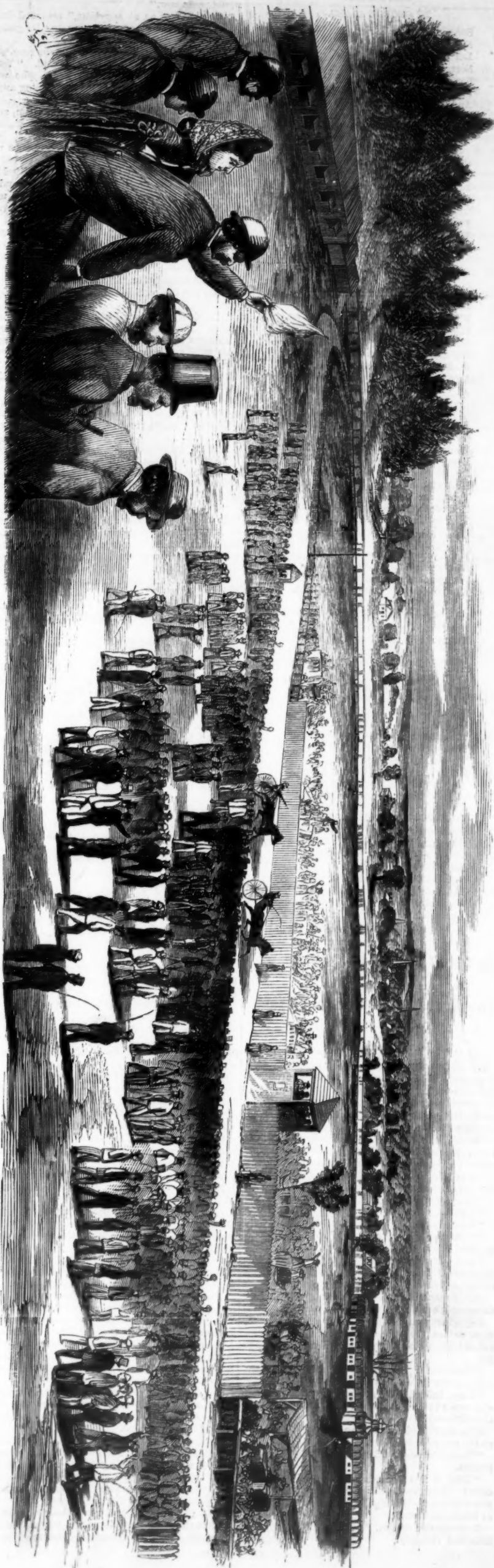
ODD TITLES.—The following selection of titles of novels has been published as the result of a cursory perusal of a Publisher's Circular: "Belial," feeling somewhat "Alone in the World," betwixt himself of taking a stroll. He passed "The House by the Churchyard," and, after tramping down the "Wheat and Tares," e merged "By the Sea." There, as it were, advancing "Against Wind and Tide," he sprang "Beneath the Surface," "Breakers Ahead." This was "A Bad Beginning"—a kind of "Notice to Quit," so he turned into "Belforest," and encountered "Some famous Girls (both 'Black and White') who have since become 'Famous Women.'" He was introduced to "A Woman of Spirit by a Woman Without." He beheld "Eleanor's Victory" and "Christian's Mistake," and heard "Carry's Confession." "Here be 'Shattered Idols' and 'Singing Moths,'" quoth he; "Grasp your Nettle," but "Look before you Leap," for "Who Breaks, Pays." Eleanor was "Put to the Test." Christian was "Paid in Full," and Carry was "Recommended to Mercy." It was just the "Darkest before Dawn," but Belial perceived "The Woman in White" ("Moulded out of Faults") fighting with "The Man in Chains," and "How to Manage It" she did not know. "Once and Again" she seemed "Lost and Saved," but at last she indicated the "Cruelest Wrong of All," and fled crying out "Quits!" "A Life for a Life!" and he was "Left to the World." "Alone." "It was to be," and "Such Things are;" for, though "Wonderous Strange," they are "Too Strange not to be True."

CURFEW BELLS.—Historians state that the curfew or couvre-feu, was one of the wise laws of Alfred the Great as a precaution against fire. If so, the Norman conqueror only revived a law fallen out of use to which he had been accustomed in his own land, originated for the purpose of recalling the inhabitants of walled cities to their homes before the gates closed. Twilight in an English summer lingers until after nine o'clock, and the curfew which "told the knell of parting day" was the very nine o'clock bell, which the Pilgrim Fathers caused to be placed in their new settlement, where household fires were covered over in good season.

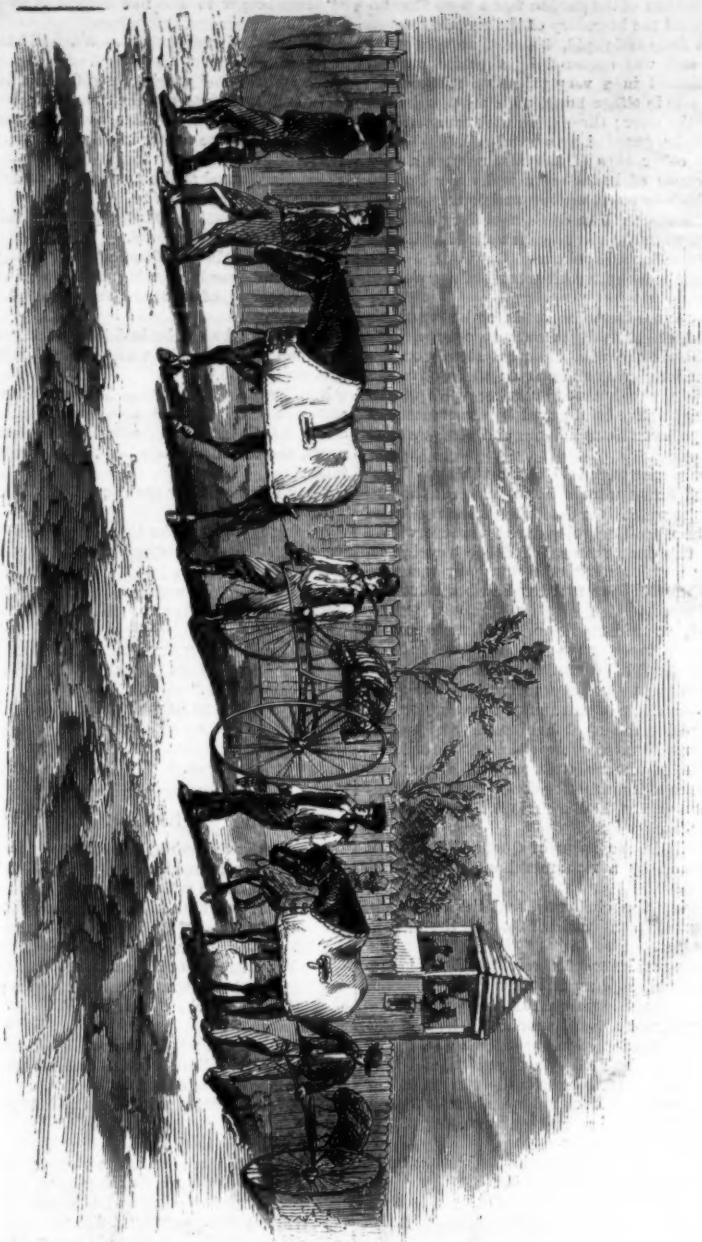
AN important adjunct of the Naval School.—A Monitor.



Cienfuegos. Montecarlo.
 Fleet of Gunboats and Monitors at Havana, May 23—The Havanaese Visiting and Examining the Monitors.—From a Sketch by a Correspondent.



TRIP ON THE FASHION RACE COURSE, L. I., MAY 30.



TRIPPING ON THE FASHION RACE COURSE, L. I., MAY 30—DRIVING THE HORSES ON THE GRAND STAND.



TRIPPING ON THE FASHION RACE COURSE, L. I., MAY 30—PASSING THE GRAND STAND.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY GEORGE ADAMS.

Sons of freedom bow the head—
Silently and softly tread,
Let no sound of joy arise—
Sorrow dims a nation's eyes.
See, her mighty chief lies low,
See, her leader's life-blood flow,
And within her stately halls,
Dark as night the shadow falls.
Sons of freedom bow the head,
Silently and softly tread.

Chosen by a nation's voice,
Leader of his people's choice,
In his country's darkest hour
See him wield her mighty power,
Mid her best and bravest stand,
Freely giving heart and hand—
Wise in council, brave in deed,
See him for his children bleed.
Chosen by a nation's voice,
Leader of his people's choice.

Not mid battle's raging strife
Did her chieftain yield his life,
Nor with thousands round him lying,
Bleeding, fainting, groaning, dying—
Not while gathering overhead,
Far and near the war-clouds spread;
While a world in wonder gazed,
Awe-struck, breathless and amazed.
Not in battle's raging strife,
Did the hero yield his life.

But in midst of victory—
On the day of jubilee,
While triumphant shouts were ringing,
Every voice in gladness singing—
Bright eyes as the starlight beaming,
Every face with sunshine gleaming,
Young and old their praise bestowing,
And each heart with joy o'erflowing.
In the midst of victory,
On the day of jubilee.

Rise! ye brave of every nation—
Rise, and brand with execration,
Foulest deed and basest plan
E'er conceived by man 'gainst man.
Let your voices to the skies
Like Niagara's thunder rise,
Breathing curses loud and long
'Gainst the fiends that did the wrong.
Rise, ye brave of every nation,
Brand the deed with execration.

Bright around the mighty dead
See a glorious halo shed;
Hark! a myriad voices rise—
Waft his name beyond the skies,
Mingling their glad songs of praise
With high Heaven's angelic lays;
'Tis dark Africa's sons have cried,
For in Lincoln they lived and died.
Bright around the mighty dead,
See a glorious halo shed.

Now he's entered into rest
With earth's noblest, bravest, best,
Hears the Master's words: "Well done,
Good and faithful servant, come,
Enter thou into my joy,
Dwell in bliss without alloy,
Heaven's great joy shall fill thy soul,
While eternal ages roll.
He has entered into rest
With earth's noblest, bravest, best.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE MISTAKE OF YEARS.

ON the evening following that on which Guy Raymond paid his short and mysterious visit to the well on Thornton Heath, Claudia and Mrs. Freshfield were sitting together near the fire, in their little cottage, when a loud knock summoned the latter to the door.

Claudia, as usual, looked listlessly at the fire, and noted not the sound, which was loud enough to have roused any one from the deepest reverie.

When Mrs. Freshfield opened the door, she saw Guy Raymond standing in the moonlight.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Claudia is here."

"No one else?"

"With the exception of Ralph St. Clare, who has fled away, we never have any visitors." Upon this Guy entered the room, locked the door behind him, and carefully avoiding Claudia's notice, sat down near the door.

Mrs. Freshfield saw at once that something had happened, or was on the eve of happening. Guy's face was deadly pale. It always was so, more or less; but, upon this occasion, it was of an ashen hue, which denoted intense mental suffering.

"You seem ill, Mr. Raymond," said Mrs. Freshfield, as she took a seat near him.

"I am, indeed," he answered; "but I cannot stay now to think of illness. I am come to take Claudia away."

Mrs. Freshfield started, and grasped the edge of the table convulsively.

"Take her away? take Claudia away?" she repeated.

"Yes; it has become necessary—it must be done! Your brother-in-law has returned, and every moment—this night, perhaps—I expect him at Raymond Park."

Tears started to Mrs. Freshfield's eyes, and she trembled violently.

"I knew it would come to this some day," she murmured sadly; "but I had no conception it would come now."

"As well now as at any time," returned Guy. "You had better at once prepare her for going. I have a carriage at the door."

Mrs. Freshfield smiled painfully as she rose.

"Prepare her, poor child!" she said. "Very little preparation is needed by her. She will understand nothing, except that she is going away from me."

As she spoke, she passed across the room, and neared the spot where Claudia sat.

"Claudia," she said, "you are going out."

The girl understood this at once, and rose up gladly.

It was very seldom that she was permitted to pass beyond the precincts of the cottage, and a chance of a glimpse of heaven, in the free, unshackled atmosphere, was a chance of heaven itself to her.

Mrs. Freshfield speedily attired her in a warm cloak and a pretty little hat, and led her up to Guy Raymond, who took her hand, and, rising, began to conduct her towards the door.

Claudia looked round in vacant surprise.

"Are you not coming mamma?" she said, wistfully.

"No, dear, not now; I will come after you presently. Mr. Raymond will take you home now, where you will have a pretty place to live in, and such pretty flowers, and be able to do as you like!"

She appealed to the childishness of the beautiful girl of eighteen, whose mind had long since wandered away into the realms of darkness, and the appeal was not thrown away.

Claudia stooped forward, and, kissing her tenderly, said:

"Then you will come soon, dear mamma?"

"Yes, dear, soon."

Guy Raymond, in common courtesy, could but second the child's invitation, and he did so, accordingly.

"Claudia is right, Mrs. Freshfield," he said.

"As soon as matters are a little more clearly settled, you, too, must come to Raymond Park. There is room for you there, as well as for her; but when Freshfield comes to Thornton Heath, it will be as well for you to be here alone. Remember! not one word of me—not one word of Claudia!"

"You need not fear that!" said Mrs. Freshfield. "The man is to me more hateful, if possible, than he is to you!"

Guy smiled as he shook her by the hand, and departed.

"That can scarcely be," he said; "for that man is more hateful to me than poison—more loathsome than even your husband was."

With these strange words he drew Claudia out of the door into the night, and helped her into a carriage.

When he had done so, he bade the coachman drive on, giving him the direction he was to take; and then, after again saying farewell to Mrs. Freshfield, he entered the carriage himself.

When they were once seated side by side, he drew the girl upon his knee, as he would have done a child, and pressing her closely to him, kissed her fondly again and again, holding her face so that the moonlight fell full upon her features.

Long he held her thus, kissing her rapturously; while Claudia, who understood nothing, returned the caresses willingly.

Then suddenly, something in the look of her beautiful eyes, something in her delicate mouth, seemed to remind him of other days, and placing her from off his lap on to the seat by his side, he fell back against the cushions of the carriage, and relapsed into a reverie.

A reverie, be it said, during which the tears stole from his eyes and trickled treacherously down his wrinkled cheek.

Tears! Guy Raymond shed tears!

Yes; blame him not, reader, for when men weep, they weep tears of blood.

Tears are sanctified offerings of love—a relief to the weary and afflicted—a solace where smiles would be misery.

The carriage did not take the road to Raymond Park, which, indeed, was but a short way distant; but skirting the dark palings of the enclosure, passed rapidly away to towards Cumberston, a village some six miles further from the metropolis.

Here, about half a mile from the village, stood Woodbine Cottage, the spot to which Claudia was being rapidly driven.

Woodbine Cottage was a long, low place; in fact, it looked more like a range of buildings than a single house.

A row of dirty brown palings separated it from the road, and the fact of their being four windows on the ground floor gave it all the appearance of an almshouse.

One end, and part of the front of the house was covered with roses, ivy and creepers, which probably gave it its name of Woodbine Cottage.

The roof was of thatch, and beneath the broad overhanging eaves might be seen the remnants of the nests of a whole tribe of swallows, who, in summer time, made the old house their own, building under the roof, on the gable ends—while some of the more adventurous of them boldly descended the chimney, and attempted to plant a colony in the bedroom fireplace.

But the pretty, graceful birds were no longer to be seen; they no longer winged their swift flight across the fields, or indulged in amicable chattering on the house-tops.

Behind the house was a long, large garden, which had once been well cultivated, but was now choked with weeds and nettles, which flourished in profusion on the ground which had once been trimly kept, and planted with all kinds of delicious and pleasant-looking vegetables.

The gravel paths had run a long way on the road to ruin—the gooseberry and currant bushes, by which they were bordered, untrimmed by the

pruning knife, extended their branches in every direction, in friendly salutation to each other.

At the bottom of the garden was a deep stream, which formed the boundary of the premises.

Though deep and rapid, it was of no very great breadth, and was spanned by a rustic wooden bridge, formed in a very primitive method, by driving a pile in either bank, with another in the middle of the river; these piles were connected by strong planks, guarded by a hand-rail.

On the other side of the stream was a wild tangled copse of hazel, osier and elder bushes, among which fir trees, willows and poplars, reared their tall heads, as if in disdain of their dwarfish neighbors, while the river banks were fringed with bullrushes, sedge and osiers.

This wood was the favorite resort of a variety of wild fowl.

The snipe rose from the reeds, and winged his rapid, wild, eccentric flight away to some quieter neighborhood; the wild duck sat closely on her nest in the long grass and osiers; while, on moonlight nights, the hoarse, booming voice of the bittern might have been heard by the inmates of the cottage, even though doors and windows were closed.

Strange stories were told of it; wild, weird, supernatural forms were said to walk the tangled paths of the wood. On dark nights the rustics of the neighborhood scarcely dared venture within sight of the dark masses of dense vegetation, where the unquiet spirit of a murderer was supposed to wander—for murder had been done in the quiet wood.

At least, so said tradition, pointing to an old wooden cross, moss-grown and blackened by time, which still stood in the centre of the wood.

This antique memorial was supposed to mark the spot of a crime of more than usual horror and cruelty; and in the usual fashion of the ignorant rustic, it was haunted by the spirits of the criminal and his victim, who made their nightly appearance on the scene of their former deeds and death.

The cottage, too, had a curious history, dating from a far-back period.

First built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was endowed by a rich merchant as an almshouse.

But during the civil war, and the republican form of government which followed, the endowment was lost.

Then, the residence of a celebrated mathematician and philosopher, it became the resort of men of genius and learning from every part of the country, and not a few important scientific discoveries were made within those low walls.

It was next inhabited by a physician, and then strange reports were circulated—stories of the queer patients the doctor kept there—moping, chattering idiots and raving madmen.

It was a private lunatic asylum.

But two of the helpless patients happening to die, people said not a natural death, and the consequence was that the doctor was obliged to leave.

Since then rumor had found no fresh subject of interest in the old house.

Alighting at the cottage door, Guy Raymond lifted Claudia out of the carriage, and led her in.

The poor girl was not surprised at anything. She took all he did and said as a matter of course, for her mind was too clouded to comprehend changes or novelties of any kind.

So she did not observe his caresses, or his tender attentions, or his kind words; nor did she notice that the cottage she now entered was far different from that to which she had been accustomed, and the furniture of the rooms far more costly and luxurious.

Her eyes wandered, it is true, gladly over the pretty chairs and tables, and the delicate glasses, and the vases on the broad mantel-piece, and the bright carpet, and the statues in the corners; but after a time she sought out her old companion, the fire, and then relapsed into a heavy arm-chair near it.

Guy Raymond watched her proceedings with much interest.

Then, when he had seen her sit down quietly, he took a chair near her, and spoke to her.

"Do you like your new home, Claudia?"

She looked at him with a painful inquiring glance, as if striving to comprehend his meaning.

It was the word "home" which seemed to give her, for an instant, a gleam of intelligence.

Guy Raymond repeated his question.

"Yes," she repeated, less vacantly than before.

"You will stop here for some time, my child," he said; "so I hope you will make yourself happy."

"And where is mamma?" she asked, suddenly and vehemently.

In an instant all life seemed to have fled from the place—all around her seemed to lose its beauty—the room appeared suddenly vacant, and cold, and dismal, in spite of all its gay trappings and ornamentation.

Guy kissed her tenderly, and said:

"Your mother shall be with you soon, my dear one—be assured of that. Meanwhile, you will not be alone here. There is some one in the house who will show you every kindness and attention."

As he spoke he rang the bell.

In answer to the summons a young woman made her appearance.

She was about twenty-eight, tall and finely proportioned, though her limbs had a vulgar degree of strength in them, and the neck, which sloped into her full and well-developed breast, was short and thick.

Her hands were large, though well made; her body, in fact, had been evidently matured and developed by hard work.

Her face was pretty, though not in every way pleasing.

Her eyes were large and blue, her nose retouched, her face oval, and her mouth, though large, well-shaped; but it was this last-mentioned feature which sometimes spoiled the face.

Over the full lips a sarcastic smile would wreath itself when least expected, and a hard expression flitted into her naturally soft eyes.

This girl was named Julia Farren. She was the daughter of poor parents, and she had come to be housekeeper to the new tenant of Woodbine Cottage.

So much for her at present. We shall hear more of her in the future.

She smiled most graciously to Claudia and Guy Raymond as she entered the room.

"This," said Guy—"this, Julia, is your new mistress. Behave to her in all kindness, for she has need of it."

Claudia glanced at the new comer, and then returned her gaze to the fire.

The girl was not her mother, and that being so, she cared not who she was.

Guy Raymond soon after left the house, and returned homewards, leaning back in his carriage with a feeling of pleasure and triumph at his heart.

Not so felt the one he had left at the cottage—the lone woman, from whom he had taken her only companion.

Mrs. Freshfield had stood for some time gazing after the carriage as it rolled away across the dusky heath, and then, returning to her lonely room, she closed the door, and sat down near the table.

Upon this table her eye caught an object.

It was a letter.

Seizing it eagerly, she tore it open and perused it. It was from Guy Raymond, and ran as follows:

"My Dear Madam—The girl whom you have loved and educated under the name of Claudia is not your child; therefore, grieve not for her. If she were your child, the assurance that she will be happy and well treated would ease your mind considerably."
GUY RAYMOND.

"Not my child!"

The words were gasped out despairingly; and then, with a low moan of anguish, the poor woman fell back upon her chair, weeping and sobbing in her great sorrow.

BLIND.

THEY say the sun hath backward rolled
The earth-enshrouding pall of night;
The east hath veiled its blue in gold;
And morn hath hid her star in light.

The mist is open curtain-wise,
For entrance of the golden ray;
There is but warmth upon mine eyes;
Upon all other eyes is day.

They say the woodman seeks his hearth,
About the limes sport insect swarms;
And out of day's blue ebbing bath,
The pale stars slowly lift their forms.

But I abide in changeless night,
Without a beacon in the gloom;
Who found a joy in flooding light,
In forests green, in wild-flowers' bloom!
Will any dawn appear in sight,
Beneath the archway of the tomb?

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—A CHILLING RECONCILIATION.

THAT unfortunate meeting on the stairs made a very deep impression upon Maude Tredehlyn. She had never before encountered drunkenness; and it was one of those sins which seemed to her to belong to a region of outer darkness, in which decent people had no place. Her father had always been as sober as an anchorite; her father's guests were gentlemen. She had heard, now and then, in the course of her life at the Cedars, of a drunken gardener dismissed with ignominy from the gardens—a drunken groom degraded from his rank in the stables. But Francis—her husband—that he should be thick of speech and unsteady of foot under the influence of strong drink! it seemed almost too horrible for belief. She lay awake in the morning sunlight, thinking of Francis Tredehlyn's misdemeanor.

"And just as I fancied that I was beginning to love him!" she thought, regretfully. Would they meet at breakfast? she wondered. And if they did meet, what would Francis say to her? A sickly dread of that meeting took possession of her mind. If he apologised, how was she to answer him? Would it be possible for her to conceal her disgust?

"Let me remember his goodness to my father," she murmured. "Oh, can I ever be so base as to forget that?"

The possible meeting at the breakfast-table was very easily avoided. Mrs. Tredehlyn had a headache, and took her strong green tea and dry toast in the pretty little boudoir, with the pink draperies and Parian statuettes, the satin-wood cabinets and book-cases, the Persian carpets and polar bearskin rugs, the *marqueteries* and *l'écailles* and toy Swiss cottage birdcages, selected by Harcourt Lowther. It was rather an enervating little boudoir, eminently adapted for the perusal of French novels, and the neglect of all the duties of life. Mrs. Tredehlyn breakfasted in her boudoir, so there was no uncomfortable meeting between the husband and wife. Francis left the house before noon, in order to keep an appointment with his friend Mr. Lowther. They were going together to the Doncaster spring meeting, where Bohemianism would be rampant, and were to be away for some days. Poor Francis ran into the library, while his friend waited for him, and scribbled a hasty note to his wife, full of penitence and self-humiliation. He gave the missive to Mrs. Tredehlyn's maid at the foot of the stairs, while Harcourt was standing in a little room open-

ing out of the hall, arranging the strap of a race-glass across his light overcoat. Mr. Tredethlyn went back to the library in search of a railway rug which he had flung off his arm when he sat down to write the letter, and during his brief absence there was a flutter of silk in the hall, and a little conference between Mr. Lowther and the abigail.

Half an hour afterwards when the two men were walking up and down the platform at the King's Cross station, with cigars in their mouths, Mr. Lowther handed his friend the identical letter which Francis had entrusted to his wife's maid.

"You can post that to its address, if you like, dear boy; but I think I should light my cigar with it. The seal is unbroken, you see; but I fancy I can make a tolerable guess at the contents of the epistle. Dear old Frank, if you want to preserve the merest semblance of manhood, the poorest remnant of independence, never beg your wife's pardon."

Of course Mr. Tredethlyn was very angry. Harcourt Lowther was prepared to encounter a given amount of resistance. The wave may lash and beat itself against the quiet breast of the rock; and the rock secure in its supremacy, has only to stand still until that poor worn-out wave crawls meekly to the stony bosom, a conquered and a placid thing. Mr. Lowther had his work to do, and he took his own time about doing it. The apologetic little epistle was not sent to Mrs. Tredethlyn; and at an uproarious after-dinner assemblage at the "Reindeer," Francis abandoned such frivolous stuff as sparkling Moselles and Burgundies for fierce libations of brandy punch. He made a tremendous book for all manner of events, always under the advice of his friend; indeed, its pages contained many rather heavy engagements with Mr. Lowther himself, who effected extreme simplicity amongst the magnates of the turf, but who was nevertheless eminently respected by those gentlemen, as being of the deep and dangerous class—a dark horse, secretly exercised on lonely commons at weird hours of the early morning, and winning with a rush when he was least expected to do so.

While Francis was seeing life through the medium provided for him by his experienced adviser, Maude enjoyed herself after her own fashion. She had been very happy at Twickenham, but she had never until now been entirely her own mistress, with unlimited credit and unlimited ready money, and all the privileges of a matron. At the Cedars she had been always more or less under the father's direction. She had acted very much as she pleased upon all occasions; but she had made a point of consulting him about the smallest step in her simple life; a round of calls, a day's shopping, a little musical gathering after a dinner-party, the amount of a subscription to a charity—even the color of a dress.

But now the young matron shook off even the gentle fetters which had held the girl, and spread her pinions for a bolder flight. A much wider world had opened itself to the merchant's daughter since her marriage. The story of Mr. Tredethlyn's fortune—always multiplied by the liberal tongue of rumor—was one of the most popular topics amongst the denizens of the new district in which Mr. Tredethlyn's house was situated. None of these West End people knew that Lionel Hillary's position had ever endured a dreadful crisis of uncertainty and terror. The marriage between Maude and Francis was supposed to be one of those sublime unions in which wealth is united to wealth—the alliance of a Miss Rothschild with a Master Lafitte—a grand commercial combination for the consolidation of capital.

So Maude took her place as one of the most important novelties of the current year. She gave great receptions in her three drawing-rooms, whose gorgeous decorations were just a little too much like the velvet and ormolu magnificence of a public room at a gigantic hotel. She organized dinner-parties, and revised and corrected a menu with the *savoir faire* of a Brillat Savarin in petticoats. Always accustomed to a reckless expenditure, she had no idea of the necessity for some regulation in the expenses of a large household. Left a great deal to herself, and frequently at a loss for occupation, she often spent her husband's money from sheer desire for amusement. After that unlucky encounter on the stairs, she resigned herself entirely to the position of a fashionable wife. Her husband went his way unmolested, and she went hers. She was tolerably happy, for the life was a very pleasant one to live; but oh, what a vain, empty, profitless existence to look back upon!—the success of a dinner, the triumph of an audacious toilette, the only landmarks on a great flat of frivolity. But Mrs. Tredethlyn was not at the age in which people are given to looking back; she was rich, beautiful, accomplished, agreeable, with that dash of recklessness in her gaiety which makes a woman such an acquisition in a drawing-room, and the fumes of the incense which her admirers burned before her were just a little intoxicating. The Twickenham loungers, who had worshiped her mutely and reverently from afar off, found themselves distanced now by bolder adorers, and, conversing amongst themselves upon the staircases and on the outer edges of crowded drawing-rooms in the stuccoed district, shook their heads and pulled their whiskers, gravely opining that Mrs. Tredethlyn was "going the pace."

Maude had been Francis Tredethlyn's wife more than six months, and the London season was at its fullest height, when an accidental meeting with Julia Desmond brought about that young lady's restoration to her old position of *confidante* and companion to the pampered daughter of her dead father's friend. The two women met in the Pantheon, and it was a terrible shock to Maude to see her old companion dawdling listlessly before a stall of toys, dressed in shabby black silk and a doubtful bonnet, and attended by two ungainly girls in short petticoats and scarlet stockings.

The proud spirit of the Desmonds had been

crushed by the iron hand of necessity. In these perpetual duels between pride and poverty, the result seems only a question of time. Poverty must have the best of it, unless, indeed, death steps between the combatants to give poor pride a doubtful victory. Julia Desmond had carried her pride and her anger away from the luxurious idleness of the Cedars, to nurse them in a London lodging. The only money she had in the world was a ten-pound note, left out of a sum which the liberal merchant had given her for the payment of a dressmaker's bill. She had the jewels given her by Francis Tredethlyn—the diamonds which she had thrown at his feet in the little study at the Cedars, on the night of the amateur theatricals—but which the sober reflections of the following morning prompted her to retain amongst her possessions. She had these, and upon these she might have raised a considerable sum of money. But the angry Julia had no desire to raise money. A life of idleness in a London lodging was the very last existence to suit her energetic nature. She inserted an advertisement in the *Times* upon the very day after her departure from Twickenham, and she went on advertising until she succeeded in getting a situation as governess in a gentleman's family. But, ah! then came the bitterest of all her trials. She fancied that her life, wherever she went, would be more or less like her life at the Cedars. There would be a great deal more work, perhaps; there might be less luxury, less gaiety, but it would be the same kind of life; while on any day the lucky chance might arise, and the beauty of the Desmonds might win her some great prize in the matrimonial lottery.

Alas for Julia's inexperienced notion of a governess' existence! She found herself the drudge of an exacting mistress, with every hour of her dreary life mapped out and allotted for her, with less share in the social pleasures of the house she lived in, than if she had been the kitchen-maid, and with two small tyrants in crinkled hair and holland pinafores, always on the watch to detect her shortcomings, and to twist them into excuses for their own. The dreadful monotony of her life would alone have made it odious; but Julia had "a sorrow's crown of sorrow" perpetually pressing on her tortured brow. She had the recollection of happier things—the pleasant idleness at the Cedars, the position of Francis Tredethlyn's affianced wife. And she had given up this position in one moment of ungovernable rage and jealousy; she had suffered one mad impulse of her proud nature to undo the slow work of months. Miss Desmond had ample leisure for the contemplation of her folly during the long winter evenings which she spent in a third-floor sitting-room at Baywater, hearing unwilling children grind hopelessly at a German grammar by the light of two guttering tallow candles. She did contemplate her folly, while the gattural verbs and declensions fell with a droning noise on her unlistening ears; but the rage which swelled her bosom was against Maude Hillary, and Maude alone.

She saw Maude's carriage in the park sometimes while she took her allotted walk with the unwilling children, who might have been pleasant children enough, perhaps, if they had not been weighed down by intellectual exercises, compared to which the enforced physical labors of Tonion would have seemed light and agreeable. Julia saw her old companion, and her mind went back to the sunny afternoons on the lawn at Twickenham; and the sight of the pretty face and golden hair, the Skye terriers and neatly appointed equipage, stirred the fire of hatred always burning in her breast, until she could almost have shaken her small fist at the merchant's daughter.

She saw the announcement of Maude's marriage in the *Times*, and hated her still more. She saw Maude in the park, after her marriage, in a more splendid equipage than the landau from the Cedars, and she hated her even more and more. She set her teeth together and drew back under the shadow of the trees to watch Francis Tredethlyn's wife drive by.

"She has cheated me out of it all," she thought; "it would all have been mine but for her treachery."

Then one bright sunny afternoon in early May the two women met—Julia, a wan shadow of her former self, worn out with hard work, depressed by the monotony of her life, indifferent as to her dress and appearance; Maude, a beaming creature in gauzy mauve muslin, with a Watteau skirt, all a-flutter with ribbons, and a voluminous train sweeping in the dust behind her.

"Dear Julia—"

"Maude—Mrs. Tredethlyn!"

Miss Desmond turned as pale as death. The encounter had come upon her very suddenly, and she was neither physically nor mentally able to bear it. She set her teeth and tried to flash the old defiance from her dark eyes. But the light of that once fiery glance died out like the flame of a candle which burns feebly in the glare of the morning sun. Julia was quite worn out by the life she had been leading for the last year and a half. The pride of a Somerset might give way beneath a long course of overwork and indifferent diet.

After that first exclamation of surprise she drew herself to her fullest height, and tried to pass Mrs. Tredethlyn with a bow, and a faint, cold smile of recognition, but Maude stopped her:

"Dearest Julia, if you know how anxious and unhappy I have been about you, I'm sure you wouldn't want to pass me by. Do let us be friends. The past is forgotten, isn't it? Yes, I'm sure it is. Will you come up-stairs to the picture gallery? that's always a nice solitary place where one can talk. Are those young ladies with you? What very nice little girls! Miss Desmond and I are going up-stairs, dear, to have a chat. Will you come with us?"

The elder of Julia's pupils, to whom this question was addressed, replied only by a stony glare. She was petrified by the audacity of this smiling creature in mauve who dared to take possession of her governess. The youthful mind, soured by

a long course of German declensions, is apt to contemplate everything in a gloomy aspect.

Maude and Julia went past poor Haydon's big cold picture, and made their way to a small room which was quite empty. Julia's face had a stern darkness upon it, which might have frightened any one less hopeful than Maude; but that young lady had been surrounded by an atmosphere of love from her cradle upwards, and was entirely unacquainted with the diagnosis of hatred. She despatched the children to look at the pictures in the larger rooms, and then laying her hand caressingly upon Miss Desmond's arm, she said, very earnestly:

"Dearest Julia, I hope you have forgiven me?" Miss Desmond locked her lips, and stood for some moments with her face quite fixed, staring at vacancy. There were hollow rings round the dark eyes now, and the oval cheeks had lost their smooth outline. Perpetual drudgery and friendless solitude had brought Julia very low; but the Desmond pride still struggled for the mastery over its grim assailant—necessity.

"I don't know that I have anything to forgive," she said after an ominous pause; "Mr. Tredethlyn was free to transfer his affections as often as he chose. I was very glad to read of your marriage, for it was at least satisfactory to find that he had not changed his mind a second time. I do not blame any one but myself, Mrs. Tredethlyn. I should have been wiser than to entrust my happiness to a man who—"

Miss Desmond stopped abruptly. She made a long pause, during which she contemplated Maude almost as if she had been looking for some tender spot in which to plant her dagger.

"I must not forget that he is your husband, and I do not wish to say anything humiliating to you; but I cannot forget that he is not a gentleman. No gentleman would have treated any woman as Mr. Tredethlyn treated me."

If Julia's conscience had a voice it might perhaps have chimed in with an awkward question here—"And would any lady have spread a net to catch a rich husband, Julia, trading on the generosity of his simple nature, and angling for the fortune of a man whose heart was obviously given to another?"

Mrs. Tredethlyn's bright face crimsoned, and her lower lip fell a little. It is not to be supposed that she could be very fond of her husband, but she felt an allusion to his shortcomings almost as keenly as if he had been the incarnation of her girlish dreams. Whatever he was, he was hers, and she was responsible for him.

"If generosity of heart could make a gentleman, Julia," she said, almost entreatingly, "I think Francis would be the first of gentlemen."

Miss Desmond did not condescend to reply to this observation.

"Oh, Julia," Mrs. Tredethlyn said, after another little pause, "how can you be so unkind and unforgiving? Have you forgotten how happy we used to be together long ago at the Cedars? If—if I thought you were pleasantly circumstanced now, I would not worry you with any proffers of friendship; but somehow I cannot think that you are happy. Dear Julia, forgive me for the past and trust me once more."

The stony look in Miss Desmond's face did not melt away under the influence of Maude's tenderness; but presently, with an almost awful suddenness, she sank upon the nearest chair, dropped her face upon her clasped hands, and burst into a passion of tears—convulsive sobs that shook her with their hysterical force. The strong will of the Desmonds asserted itself to the very last, for this passionate outburst was almost noiseless. The slender frame writhed and trembled, the chest heaved, the small hands were clenched convulsively, but there was no vulgar outcry. Miss Desmond recovered herself almost as suddenly as she had given way to her emotion, and drew up her head proudly, though her face was blotted with tears.

"Heaven help me!" she exclaimed, "what a poor weak wretch I am!"

"You will let me be your friend again, won't you, Julia? You'll come and live with me once more? You need see very little of Mr. Tredethlyn if you dislike him. He and I are quite fashionable people I assure you, and he is very seldom at home. I shall be so glad to have you with me. I go a great deal into society, and I know you like society, Julia. Come, dear, let us be friends again, just as we used to be in the dear old times."

Maude gave a little sigh—she was apt now and then to think sentimentally of that remote period of her existence, some four or five years back, when she had believed that the happiest fate that heaven could award her would be a union with Harcourt Lowther. Even now, though she had schooled herself to think of him coldly, though she tried very hard not to think of him at all, the memory of the old time would come back; the picture of the home that might have been—the little cottage in St. John's Wood—the long quiet evenings, made delightful by genial companionship—the pleasant hours devoted to art—the dear old concertante duets by Mozart and Beethoven—the "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," the images of these things were apt to arise suddenly before her in the midst of her frivolous pleasure in her fine dresses, and gorgeous house, and admiring friends.

"Dear Julia," she said, winding one arm caressingly about the Irish girl, "you will come, won't you?"

"Yes," Miss Desmond answered, "I will come if you want me. But I must come upon a new footing. This time I must work for my wages. I have been a hired slave ever since I left your father's house. I will be your servant, Mrs. Tredethlyn, if you choose to hire me."

"Julia, you will be my friend, just as you used to be."

"No," cried Miss Desmond, with a resolute gesture of her hand, "no; if you want a companion to keep your keys and attend to your lap-dogs, to finish fancy work that you have begun and grown

tired of, to read French novels to you when you want to be read to sleep, to write your letters of invitation, to take the bass in your duets, or carry an occasional message to your milliner—if you want a person of this kind, I am quite willing to be that person."

"Julia!"

"I will come to you on those terms, or not at all."

"You shall come to me on any terms you please so long as you come."

"Very well, then, I will come. My present ployer gives me sixty guineas a year, and makes me work harder than a pack-horse. You can give me the same money if you think my services worth so much. I will make arrangements for leaving my present situation. A housemaid left the other day, and I believe she gave her mistress a month's notice—I suppose the same rule will hold good with me—I will come to you at the end of that time, unless you change your mind in the meanwhile."

"I shall not change my mind; I only wish you could come to me to-day. Take my card, dear, and give me yours."

"I have no cards," answered Miss Desmond. "I have neither name nor place in the world, and have no need of visiting cards."

She wrote her address upon the back of an envelope and gave it to Mrs. Tredethlyn. To the last her manner was cold and ungracious; but Maude parted from her, happy in the idea that she had rescued her old companion from a life of drudgery.

"Why should I not be her hired slave? I shall still have the right to hate her," thought Miss Desmond, as she went back to Baywater with her gloomy charges.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

ONLY A CLOUD. By Miss BRADDON. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

The readers of our paper have had a chance to estimate this absorbing production as it has appeared from week to week in our columns. Many of them will echo the prevailing opinion that it stands foremost among the thrilling creations of Miss Braddon's genius.

FRANK B. CONVERSE'S BANJO INSTRUCTOR WITHOUT A MASTER. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This is a popular work, intended to instruct tyros in the agreeable art of banjo-playing. A number of popular tunes are analyzed and thoroughly explained.

ILLUSTRATED LIFE, SERVICES, MARTYRDOM AND FUNERAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A most convenient compendium of events which are all fresh and stirring in the public mind. The compiler has done his duty with fairness and a considerable degree of ability.

The house of Petersons is one of the most enterprising in the world. They are always foremost in producing reading for the million—that which is not "caviare to the general," but which any person of sense can enjoy and appreciate. Their stock is immense, their enterprise unflagging, and their success eminent and increasing. Their editions of novels and standard works are conspicuous for correctness and beauty.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

The entire debt of the United States is officially reported, under date of May 31st, at a little over twenty-six hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars. The exact figures are as follows:

\$1,108,113,842 interest payable in gold.
1,053,476,371 interest payable in currency.
472,829,270 treasury notes not bearing interest.
782,270 past due, and interest ceased.

\$2,635,208,783.

The annual interest in coin and currency together is over one hundred and twenty-four millions, which is an inconsiderable fraction less than six per cent. on the interest-paying portion. We are now able, for the first time, to assign a proximate limit to the debt, and to estimate very closely its yearly burden on the country. When all the expenses of the war are settled, the mass will doubtless be near three thousand millions of dollars. The policy of the Government will be to convert the Treasury notes into bonds with as little delay as possible. At six per cent, which is the present average rate, our annual interest will be one hundred and eighty millions of dollars. The estimated receipts for the year ending June 30, 1896, are three hundred and ninety-six millions, as follows:

From Customs..... \$70,000,000
From Internal Duties..... 300,000,000
From Land..... 1,000,000
From Miscellaneous sources..... 25,000,000

\$396,000,000

The Treasury estimate of expenses for the same year, exclusive of war and navy purposes, is:

For the civil service..... \$33,682,097
For pensions and Indians..... 14,196,050

\$47,878,147

If we add to this amount the interest on the debt, and allow seventy-five millions for army and navy expenses, we have a total requirement of three hundred and two millions. We may, therefore, either reduce our taxes one-third, or have an excess of near one hundred millions to apply in liquidation of the debt. Sound policy dictates that we shall reduce the scale of taxation and keep it low until the productive powers of the country are fully restored to activity, rather than to push immediately upon liquidation. We shall then have the whole country from which to reap income, instead of the half as now, and the reduced scale, spread over double the surface, will not need to be enlarged.

This is certainly a very satisfactory exhibition. We announce it as a fact capable of demonstration, that our taxation might this day be reduced one-third, or, if the five hundred millions of treasury notes be not funded, to fully one-half of the present rates, and the gradual extinction of the debt go on successfully. If our allowance for the army and navy appears small, we have, on the other hand, made none for increased revenue from imports, on which we may probably depend for twenty-five millions more than is officially set down. The treasury estimate of but one million of receipts from the sale of public lands was made under the depression of war. Now that is relieved and peace is established, and with an active tide of emigration, we may expect them to assume something like the old proportions of eight millions a year.—*Evening Post.*

A YOUNG New England mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored trousers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly—and so fashioned them. Their effect, when donned by the little victim, was ridiculous in the extreme. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."



RUINS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARSENAL, RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

GEN. GRANT IN NEW YORK.

LIEUT. GEN. GRANT arrived in this city at six o'clock Wednesday morning, June 7th, accompanied by his family and part of his staff. The entire party put up at the Astor House. An enthusiastic ovation was tendered the lieutenant general by our citizens. In the forenoon and afternoon he held levees in the parlors of the Astor House, at which some 6,000 persons attended. The usual custom of hand-shaking was adopted, and the general was compelled to undergo this severe ordeal for several hours. At four o'clock a dinner took place at the hotel, at which 30 gentlemen sat down. In the afternoon the general drove out to the Central Park, and at eight o'clock called at the rooms of the Union League. At night the general was serenaded by the Seventh Regiment Band. Speeches were made upon the occasion by Major Gen. John A. Logan and Senator Chandler.

An immense meeting was held the same night at the Cooper Institute for the purpose of expressing the joy of the people over the restoration of peace and the unity of the nation, their determination to uphold the Government and their confidence in President Johnson. The proceedings were most enthusiastic. Gen. Grant was present, and was wildly welcomed by the audience. Speeches were made by a number of gentlemen, including Major Gen. Logan, commander of the Army of the Tennessee, and Major Gen. Frank P. Blair, commanding the 17th army corps.

On Thursday morning the general proceeded in a little dispatch steamer to West Point.

Here he had an interesting meeting with Gen. Scott, in which the opposing parties strove to outdo each other in laconics.

After an excellent dinner, the general proceeded to Cullum's residence to await the review.

This review and exhibition drill of the cadets of the academy deserves a more extended notice than our limits will permit. Suffice it to say that the music was splendid; the appearance of the cadets, in their neat uniform of gray and white, was admirable, and their drill and movements the acme of perfection. The programme consisted of the regulation review in column, at "rear open order," the marching salute in common time and at the double-quick. The battalion was afterwards put through a choice variety of tactical manoeuvres, by their commandant, Col. Black. The performance evinced the careful drill and discipline of the cadets to a remarkable degree. After the review and drill, the customary dress parade was gone through with, and the parade being dismissed by the cadet-adjutant, Mr. Hull, the graduating class for the present year grounded arms, and marched forward to greet the lieutenant general, who was supported by Lieut. Gen. Scott. This part of the day's proceedings was a most pleasing sight. Gen. Grant then shook hands with the class in turn, addressing each, as they were introduced by Gen. Cullum, in a few kind words, sending each young cadet away with a flushed and happy face.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE regular annual regatta of this old and excellent Yachting Association came off on the 9th instant, from their starting place, opposite a point known as the Owl's Head, on Long Island shore, about two miles this side of Fort Hamilton.

SLOOP.					
Names.	Owners.	Port.	Tonnage.	Area.	Allowance of Time.
Bonita...	R. Center,	N.Y.	52.5	1041.2	Subt. 26.41
Annie...	A. Livingston,	N.Y.	26.9	804.4	Subt. 36.26

SCHOONERS.					
Names.	Owners.	Port.	Tonnage.	Area.	Allowance of Time.
Magic...	W.H. McVicker,	N.Y.	112.5	1670.0	7.29
Breeze...	A.C. King,	N.Y.	25.7	658.2	Subt. 45.37
Haze...	J. Van Schaick,	N.Y.	91.1	1382.6	Subt. 15.20
Calypso...	J. H. Bache,	N.Y.	109.7	1694.0	Subt. 4.52
Maria...	E. A. Stevens,	N.Y.	231.4	3098.6	Add 17.17
Juniata...	J. W. Grigg,	Phila.	81.9	1393.0	Subt. 15.04

The sloop Geraldine (also entered) did not make her appearance, the illness of her owner, Mr. Dickerson, preventing.

At half-past 11 o'clock the signal was given for the start—both classes at once. The Annie gained something over the Bonita, by deferring hoisting her jib until after she had swung her head down with the tide and started ahead, while the Calypso took the lead of the schooners, followed by the Breeze, both setting their main-top-mast-stay-sails, flying-jibs, and jib-top-sails.

and the others following suit, until they seemed almost hidden under the clouds of canvas. The sight presented at this time was very beautiful.

Shortly after leaving the Narrows, the wind freshened, but it did not last long, and soon the boats were again almost drifting along, the huge sails barely filled, and colors clinging to the mast. Suddenly the Magic, which had worked well over to the east bank, had a fine breeze from the S. S. E., and laid her course direct for the Spit Buoy without tacking. The Annie's catching the breeze soon after, there instantly arises a question as to which will turn the buoy first, which is soon decided by the Annie reaching it at 1:11.7, followed by the Magic, Maria, Whitewing, Bonita, Juniata, Glance, Haze, Calypso, Cornelia, Silvio, Breeze, Pauline and Josephine, which all turned the buoy, although not all in the race. The time taken at the buoy was:

Schooner Annie...1: 11.07	Sloop Juniata.....1: 19.18
Schooner Magic...1: 11.41	Schooner Haze.....1: 24.00
Schooner Maria...1: 14.52	Schooner Calypso...1: 25.07
Sloop Bonita.....1: 19.15	Schooner Breeze...1: 33.10

The turn of the Bonita and Juniata was remarkably close, and elicited much admiration for the former. After turning the buoy, the wind again became light and hauled a little more to the east, obliging all the yachts to make a tack before weathering the lightship, which was the next point to be gained. After getting outside of the point of the Hook, the wind freshened considerably again, and some of the most exciting sail-



THE NEW ARMY SIGNAL TELEGRAPH—PUTTING UP THE LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHANE.



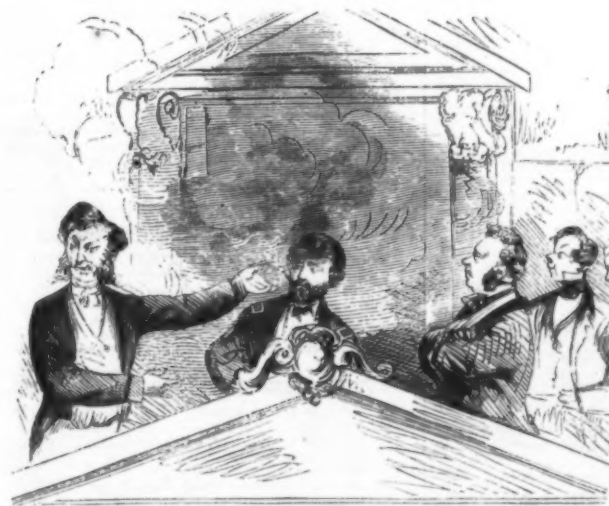
The way it is presumed Gen. Grant got into the Astor House, all other avenues being blocked.



The pump-handle shake.



The General's resource at an emergency—smoke.



ORRICO OF ASTOR HOUSE.—The sovereign people insist upon his coming out and showing himself—the General obeys orders—smoking.

ing of the day took place. The Magic had shot well ahead, but somewhat to leeward, followed at some distance by the Maria, while the Annie, although astern, was far to windward, and the question was again raised as to which would turn first, and was again decided in favor of the Annie, the little Kelpie being again in company, and turning almost at the same minute, followed by the Edna, Magic and Maria. The turning of these boats was a very pleasant sight—as everything was close-hauled, everything set, and everything drawing.

Soon after the leading yachts reached the Spit, however, the wind again became light, and at times almost died away. At five o'clock, the Maria and Magic were near Fort Lafayette, the latter some distance ahead, when, with a heavy thunder shower to the west—of which only a few drops reached us—the Maria got a nice little breeze and began to overhaul the Magic. In vain the latter reset her main-topmast, stay-mast and jib-top-sail, which she had just taken in. The Maria slowly but surely gained on her, and passed her a short distance above the forts. The breeze of wind which had been of such service to Commodore Stevens' yacht, soon spent its force, and the remainder of the race was pretty much adrift. The time only of the three first boats was taken, the others being so far behind as to render it certain that they could not be winners. The result is as follows:

	Start.	Arrive.	Time.	m. s.	Net Time.
Schr. Maria.	11.30	5.11.00	5.41.50	add 11.17	5.39.07
Schr. Magic.	11.30	5.14.05	5.44.05	sub. 7.29	5.36.36
Sloop Annie.	11.30	5.30	6. 0. 0	sub. 36.26	5.23.34

The winners in their respective classes are the Magic and the Annie, both old favorites, and to whom success is no stranger. The Maria was sailed by Commodore Barker, and the Magic by Capt. Brown, both well known among yachtsmen, while we believe the Annie was handled by her owners, the Messrs. Livingstone. The prizes consist of a very elegant but quite plain silver punch-bowl and a cigar casket of the same material. The feet of the latter are formed by four dolphins standing, as is usual with that queer fish, on their heads. On the lid of it an ornamental match-safe is formed by a sailor sitting on a capstan playing the flute; to the capstan is attached the end of a small coil of cable, on which is a snatch-block.

A FLEET OF AMERICAN WAR VESSELS IN HAVANA.

On the morning of the 29th ultimo a fleet, composed of the United States steamer Susquehanna, the gunboats Chippewa, Fahkee, Monticello, Harbo, and the monitors Monadnock and Canonicus, arrived at Havana, under command of Admiral R. Gordon. About 3,000 persons visited the monitors in one day. Many of the foreign consuls went to pay their respects to the admiral, and received the usual salutes.

THE NEW ARMY TELEGRAPH.

In the Crimean war the French and English did many things which demonstrated how largely science had become a very important part of war. The laying down a railroad from Balaklava to the harbor was considered a grand achievement, and the fact of Marshal Canrobert telegraphing from Constantinople to Paris for orders was looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of science. The last four years, however, have shown that, with our usual go-aheadiveness, we have outstripped all the world in our contrivances, and so far as war can be divested of its horror by science and the arts, we have done so. Railroads have been laid through forests till then impassable, and the telegraph has followed, as a matter of course. We give a sketch of General Gilmore's engineers putting up the telegraph wires on Morris Island beach. The *modus operandi* is so plain that it needs no description. The wire, the poles, and everything requisite to form a perfect telegraph are carried on the wagon, and as the poles are fixed the wire is paid out, and the thing is complete.

TROTTING ON THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.

A CAPITAL trot came off on the above course on Tuesday afternoon, May 30, for a purse of \$200, with a stake of \$50 each, play or pay, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. There were four entries, D. Pfifer's g. m. Blonde, Hiram Woodruff's g. g., better known as Cregan's gray gelding; J. Lovett's b. g. Shark, and Dan Mace's b. g. Hambletonian; the latter, however, did not start. Shark was the favorite, selling in pools before the first heat for \$150; Blonde, \$115, and the gray gelding for \$80. Blonde won very easily in three straight heats in 2:30; 2:30; 2:32.

The winner, who made her first and successful debut on the turf in the above race, was sired by Mr. Sim Hoagland's Gray Messenger, dam by Abdallah, and is six years old. Gray Messenger died some four years ago, but his fine blood and pedigree is well maintained by his son Ledger, dam Lady Moscow.

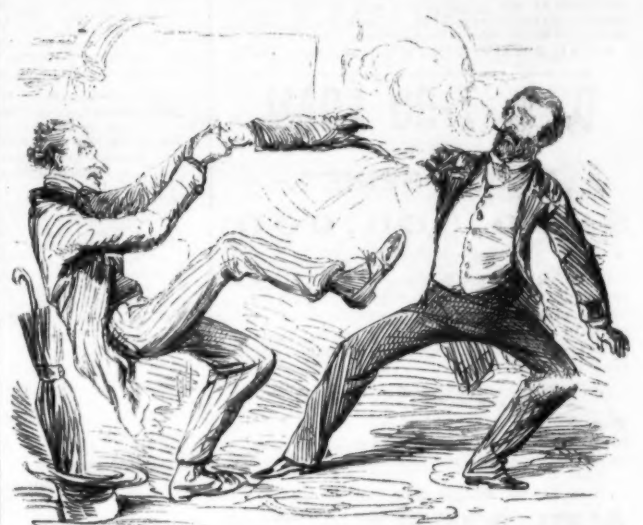
ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—A woman in a faded shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, at length was admitted in her turn to the President. Her husband and three sons—all she had in the world—enlisted. Her husband had been killed, and she had come to ask the President to release to her the oldest son. Being satisfied of the truthfulness of her story, he said, "Certainly, if her prop was taken away she was justly entitled to one of her boys." He immediately wrote an order for the discharge of the young man. The poor woman thanked him very gratefully, and went away. On reaching the army she found that this son had been in a recent engagement, was wounded, and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and almost broken-hearted, the poor woman found her way again into his presence.

He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said, "I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking, I shall release to you your second son." Upon this he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing, the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair as I have seen a fond mother do to a son. By the time he had finished writing, his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper, "Now," said he, "you have one and I one of the other two left; that is no more than right." She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said, "The Lord bless you, Mr. President. May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great nation!"

OF Apes the Hamadryad is the largest, and his strength and cunning are such, that it is said he sometimes kills the lion. United in large packs, leaping from tree to tree in the jungles, keeping up an incessant clamor, and pelting him with sticks and stones, this baboon may doubtless dog and worry the lion until he is exhausted, and falls a prey to their combined craft and ferocity. The Langoor apes of India annoy the royal tiger in the same way, following his stealthy path in the tree-tops over head, hovering over his lair, and



1.—The General after the reception. 2.—General G.'s hand at 10 A. M. 3.—Ditto at 2 P. M., after four hours' shaking—(slightly swelled).



What would have resulted if the police had not interfered.



COMMITTEE MAN TO SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.—Patience, friends, the General will recover the use of his hand after a very few minutes.



At length the General gets to bed on board the West Point boat, tucking himself to rest with his favorite cigar.

making the forest resound with their shrill shrieks. The baboon tribe is gregarious; whereas the great anthropoid apes whose structure approaches so closely to that of man, such as the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, and the kooloo-kamba, avoid the society of their own kind, as well as the neighborhood of other animals, and live solitary and alone with their female mates in the gloomy depths of the forests. The gorilla is the only one that ventures to meet the lion on his own platform, the earth; but his strength and ferocity are so great that he has driven lion, rhinoceros and elephant alike from the primeval solitudes in which he dwells.

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the Best in the World. Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt Imitations, even to the advertisement. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

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We want Agents everywhere to sell our goods, which will pay 300 per cent. profit, and our Stationery Packets contain good paper and envelopes, and a fine assortment of Jewellery. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES given as premiums to Agents. \$17 will obtain 100 packets and a fine Silver Watch. A sample packet, also one certificate in our great Dollar sale of Jewellery, together with circulars and full particulars to Agents, sent on receipt of 50 cents. Circular mailed free.

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These Notes are issued under date of July 15th, 1865 and are payable three years from that date, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent.

GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum, to their value, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.	
Two cents " " " " \$100 "	
Ten " " " " \$500 "	
20 " " " " \$1,000 "	
\$1 " " " " \$5,000 "	

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent. instead of 7-30ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-Thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this Third Series affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices, that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

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100 Acres Pine and Hemlock Timber Land on Lehigh River, Pennsylvania	3,000
5 U. S. 7-30 Coupon Bonds, \$500 each	2,500
10 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,000
10 " " " " " " " " " " " "	500
50 Orders on a First class city house for a complete suit of fashionable clothing	5,000
50 Ladies' Rich Silk Dress Patterns, \$75	3,750
5 Chickering's, or other good Maker, Round Corner Rosewood Piano—7 octaves—\$500	2,500
5 Wheeler & Wilson Double Stitch Sewing Machines, \$50	2,500
20 Gent's Fine Gold Hunting Case Watches, \$150	3,000
20 Ladies' " " " " " " " " " "	2,000
50 Gent's " Silver " " " " " " " "	2,000
100 Ladies' " Gold Lockets, large \$10, 100 do. " " " " " " " " " "	1,700
1,000 Sets " " " " " " " " " "	15,000
1,000 Ladies' Fine Gold Finger Rings \$6	6,000
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1,000 Photographic Albums	2,500
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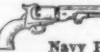
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Times, New York City, Feb. 10, 1865.Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally
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York Tribune, Sept. 3, 1864.By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the ad-
vantages must be on the side of the customer, for he
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New York Weekly News, Aug. 6, 1864.EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and
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New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1864.In our columns the reader will find an advertisement
of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches,
jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that adver-
tisement we received several sets of the jewellery advertised,
and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and
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turned out to be just what they had been represented.—
True Democrat (Levittown), Aug. 17, 1864.The *British Whig of Kingston*, C. W., says, Nov. 26,
1864, one of our lady subscribers brought an agent for
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